DON'T BE RIPPED-PAY NO MORE THAN 20 PESOS

1ST ISSUE.3RD QUARTER.1987.MANILA

THE BRAVE NEW MAGAZINE

HERALD X

ALTERNATIVE MUSIC READ

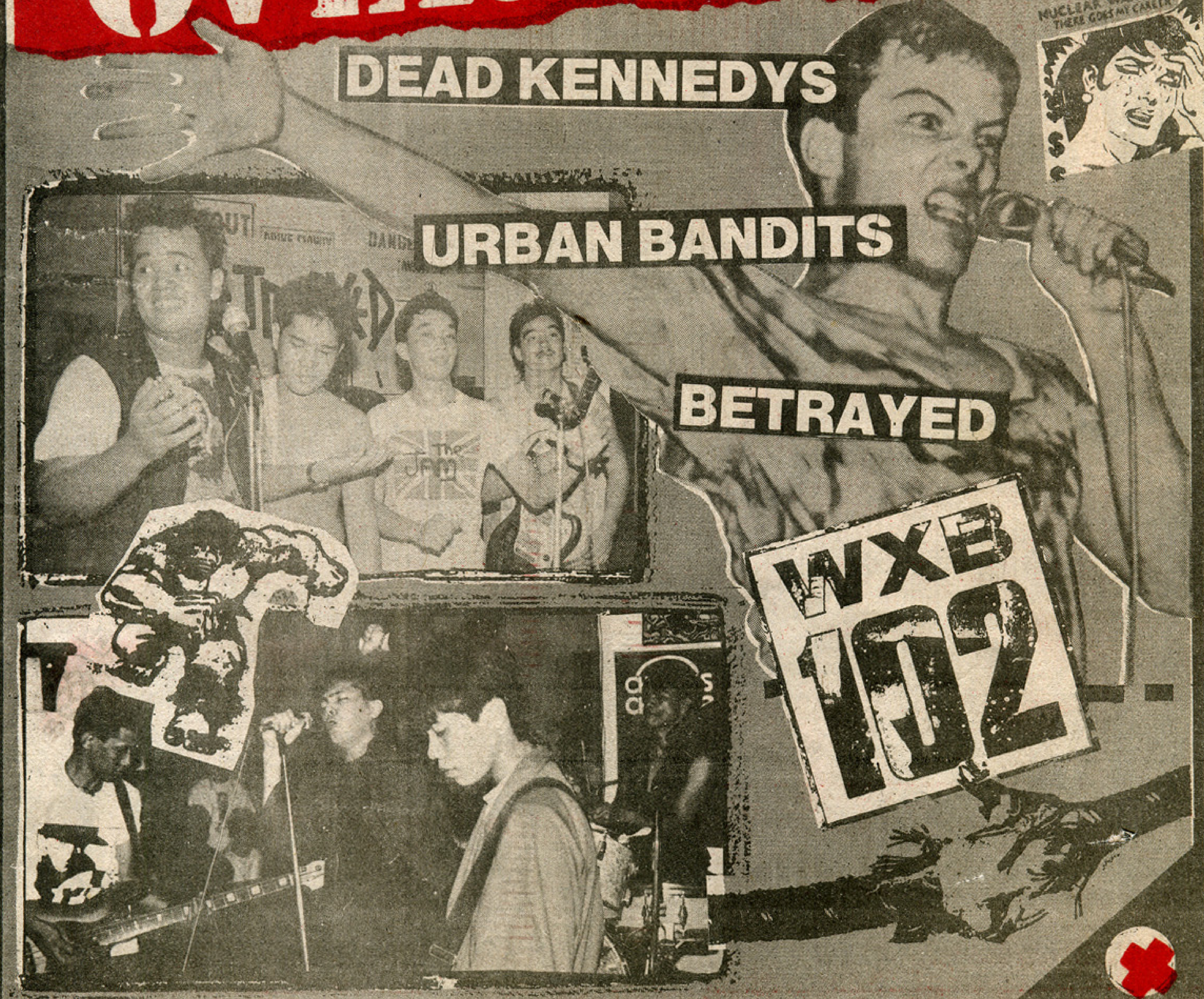
OVER & OUT

DEAD KENNEDYS

URBAN BANDITS

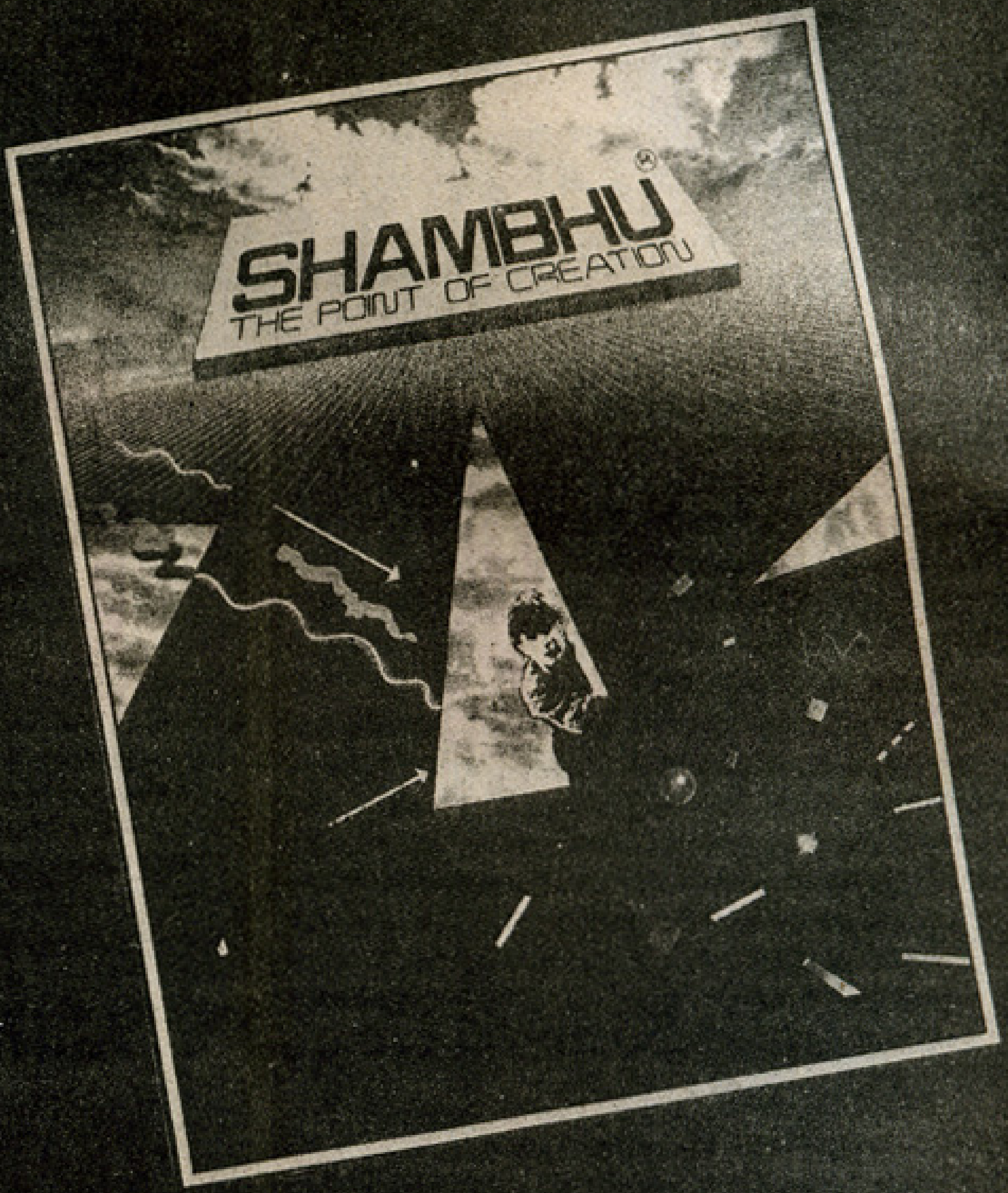
BETRAYED

WXB 102



ALSO INSIDE: DEAD ENDS • SID & NANCY • G.I. & THE IDIOTS • SIOUXSIE • CHAOS • WHERE HAVE ALL THE PUNKS GONE? • X MAL DEUTSCHLAND • WUDS • THE MISSION • BRAVE NEW TRENDS • UNDERCOVER LEFTISTS • D.R.I. • DO-IT YOURSELF ANARCHY • DECENT SLAMDANCING

AS MAN EVOLVES...
THE SEARCH FOR CREATIVITY EXPANDS
TO SATISFY THE EXPLORATIONS
OF THE HUMAN MIND,
SHAMBHU EXISTS.

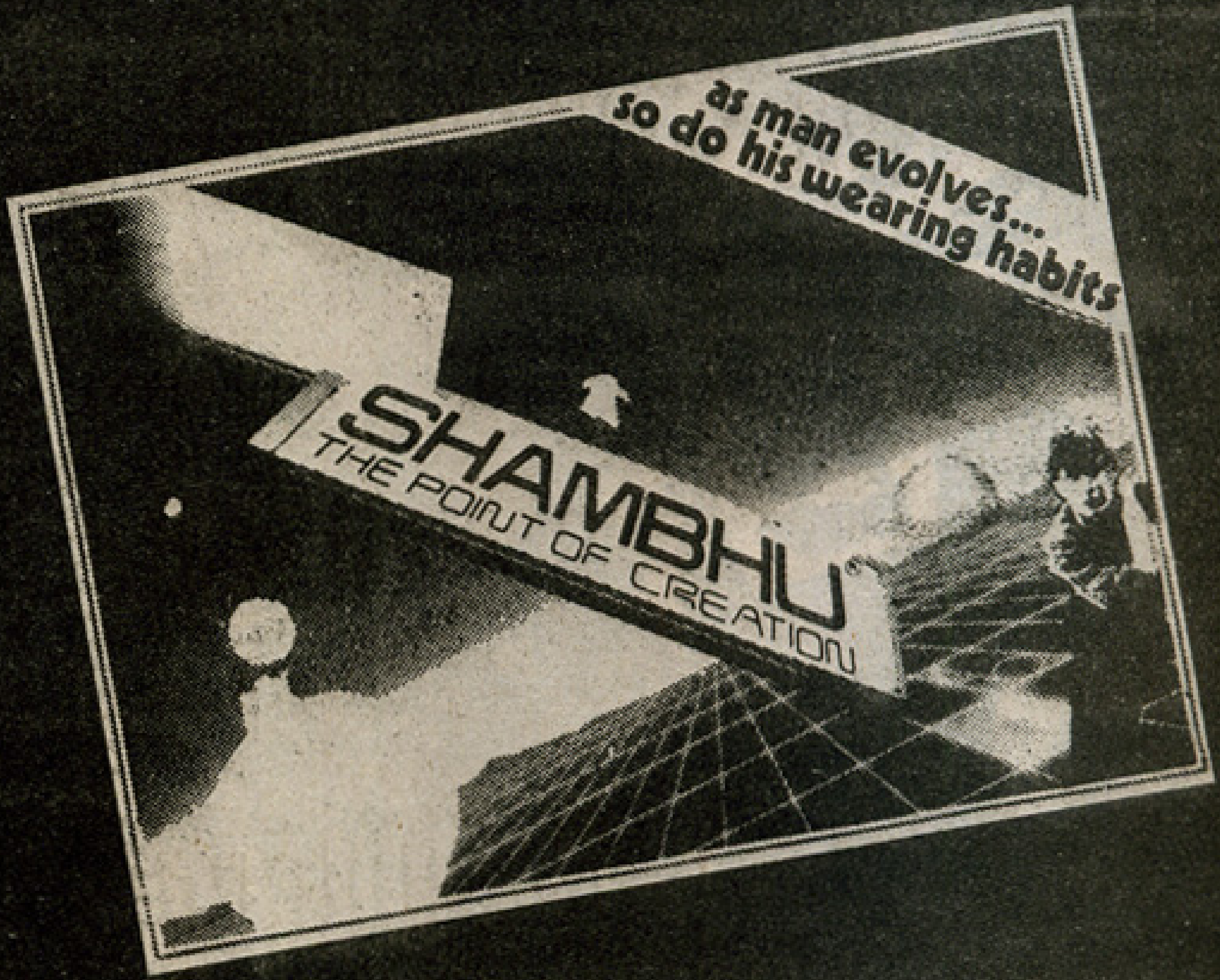


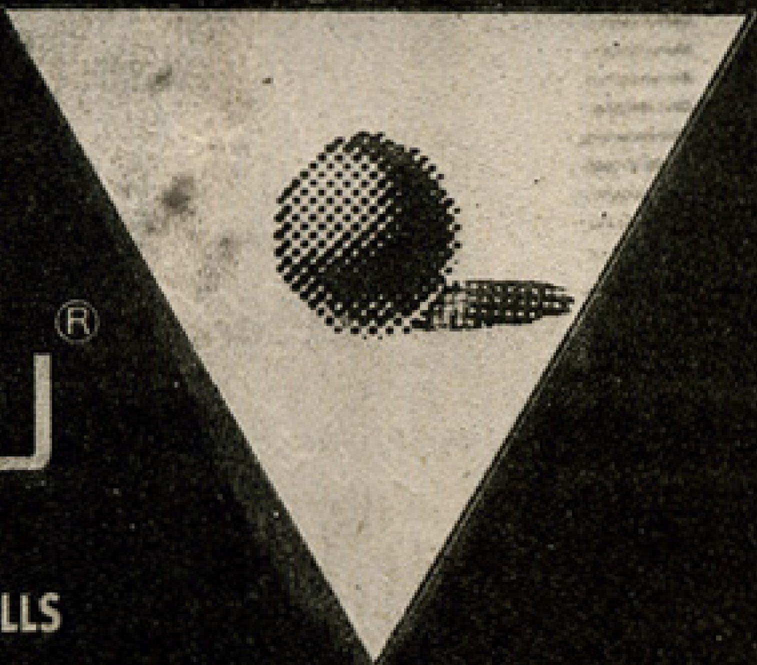


SHAMBHU...
SHIRT DESIGNS THAT ARE AS LIMITLESS AS THE UNIVERSE.

SHAMBHU...
IDEAS THAT CAN TAKE YOU TO THE HIGHER GROUND.

SHAMBHU...
A NAME THAT CAN SHAPE WORLDS.





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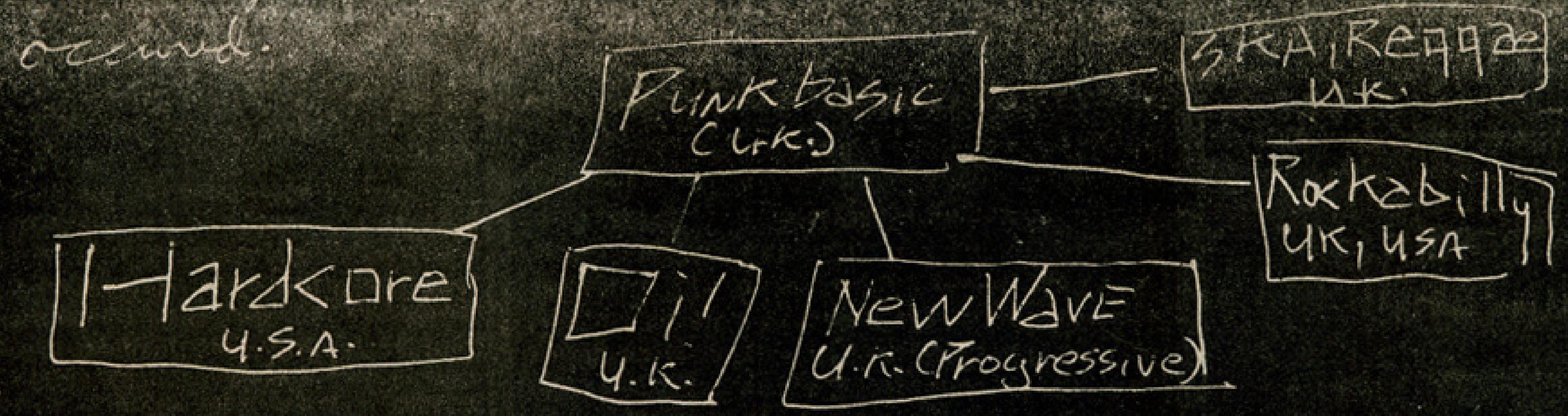
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A name worth repeating.

BRAVE NEW EFFORT

Way back nearly half a decade ago, we started this underground movement. In our exclusive way of letting out how or what we feel through original music, we began Brave New World Series. As the years go by, many transformation of music occured.



So many comments, critisisms, wrong impressions, misleading judgements, ignorance, harrassments (WPD), intimidations, suppressions, exploitations had been done against us. BUT NOW, IT'S GOING TO BE DIFFERENT!!!

Herald X, The Alternative Music Read's main objective is to let them know that we really exist, to correct what ever we think is wrong, to hit back any attacks from individuals who love to talk too much about us.

Beginning today, anybody caught doing erroneous judgements against us, whatever they say, what ever we are, would be given a real hard time

N.O.W. !!!



Red X

KEEP FAITH

"KEEP FAITH IN THE SCENE"

Some Jibber-Jabber by KATZ

Keep faith in the scene ....

I remember, long ago, when the "In Crowd" dictated who was "Punk" and who was "Poseur" ... They thought they had it all, but eventually they destroyed themselves into a drugged-out ruin ... they didn't keep faith in the scene.

New faces appeared. The "OLD" feared their arrival. The status Quo. Oh! Their precious status Quo. Instead of welcoming them and educating them they instead shunned them and branded them as "Poseurs".

Many moons had passed ... their numbers growing rapidly, taking on a new vitality. But, the "Old" lost control over the scene also lost touch with the scene, and announced to the world that "Punk Is Dead", or that "Their" punk was dead. They didn't keep faith in the scene.

I still hear quotes, complaints, and the like, such as: "I used to be into punk when it was cool", "The punks today remind me of a bunch of dicks flopping in a bucket","The Shit all sounds the same","I'm grown-up now, I listen to more mature musick", etc ... they didn't keep faith in the scene.

For years, they believed themselves to think that they were superior because they have "Grown-up" and transcended above the core of the "Mess" they've left behind, but in reality they've "Grown-down and grown-old" From their own fear and ignorance. Maybe, they've never had any faith in the scene ...

I open my eyes and look at the scene today ... You have to take the bad with the good. You don't have to be a racist/ nazi to be a "Skin". You don't have to slag non-vegetarians to be a "Peace Punk". You have to take the bad with the good. There's always going to be some asshole types in any group, it's natural.

The universal cry of "Unity" can be heard in all camps, but, unity for who?

"Punk" is not what you wear or how you do your hair (or lack of it ...) or how tough you are by thrashing clubs, and shit ... Punk is an attitude. It's vechicle to express to society that you will listen to what you want to listen to, and not what society wants you to listen to: To wear what you want to wear,and not what society wants you to wear; To think the things you want to think, and not what society wants you to think; and to voice your opinion, instead of remaining silent.

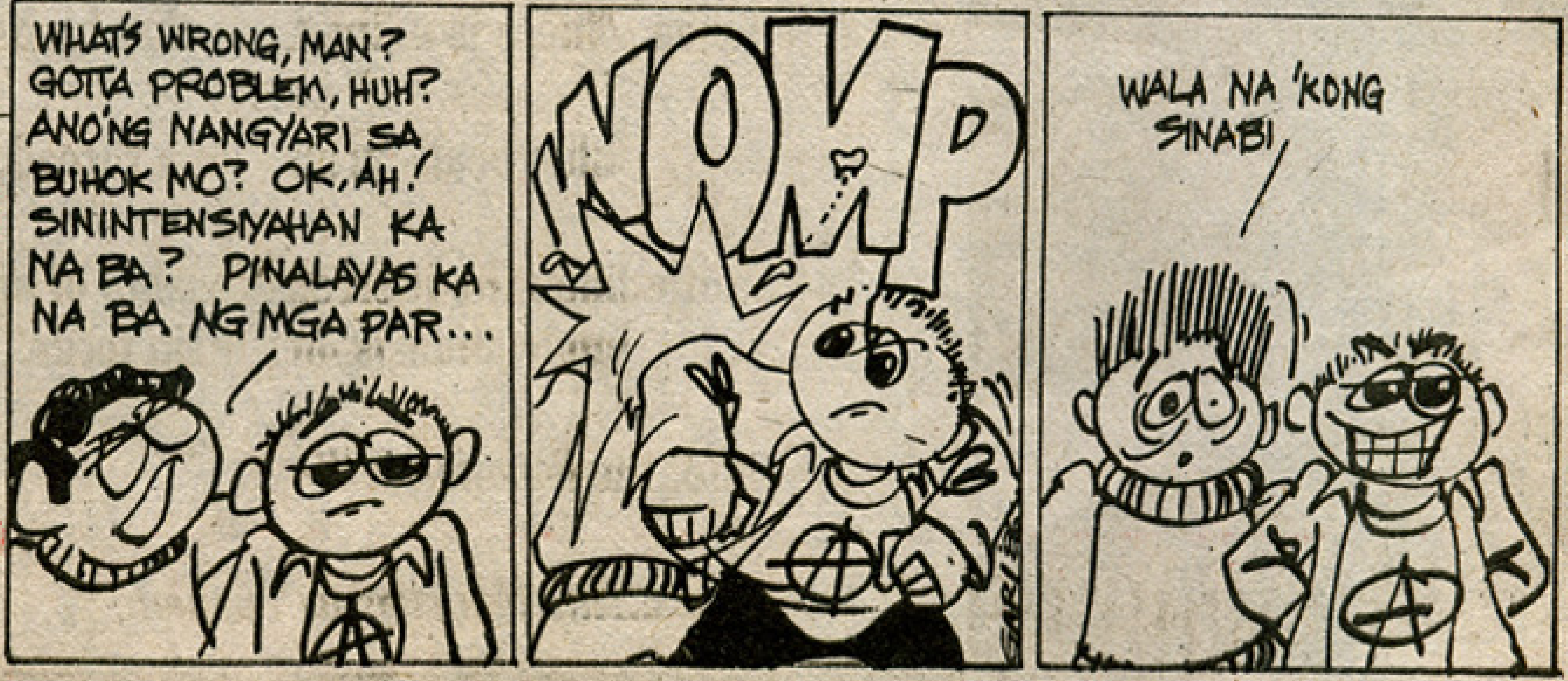
In order to keep the scene alive and growing, we must all keep faith in the scene or it will wither and die, like those that came before us. Expect change and keep in touch. Educate newcomers to the positive aspects of the scene, so they too will participate and educate future generations and keep the scene healthy and growing.

Unity can only be achieved only when all factions finally settle their differences by communicating, and say to themselves,"I'm allright, you're allright, the world sucks, and all we've got is each other ...", because underneath were all the same: blood and guts. KEEP FAITH IN THE SCENE

NO IPS ANDS OR BUTTHOLES

FlipSide winter #51 1986

HERALD X - Alternative Music Read
First Issue 3rd Qtr '87 Philippines
THE BURSOUCRACY
- Commander in Chief = Tommy Tanchanco
- Chief-of-Staff = Edwin P. Sallan
- Interior Minister = Dodong A. Viray
- Foreign Affairs = Ka Dominic Gamboa
- Special Counsel = Arnold (Bandit) Morales
- Cordon Sanitaire = Ikang, Far, Al D., Col. Popop, A.J. Peanuts, JE Bautista
- Photos = Didits, Dodong, etc...
- Komix/Cartoons = Gari Santillan, Romeo Lee & etc. also



FRONT COVER PHOTO CREDITS: BETRAYED BY DIDITS/U.B.BY DODONG/DK COURTESY OF TONY BOY & ARTHUR B.

Herald Mail



NOT ANTI-CHRIST

To Morons It May Concern:

The articles "Satanic Gang Lures Marikina Youngsters" and "Devilish Gangs" published in Inquirer and Manila Bulletin are both baseless and stupid.

The stinking morons who wrote these said that Anti-Christ tribes have been organized in Marikina and other parts of Metro Manila under the name Hardcore! HA! ! This two morons surely don't know what they are writing. HARDCORE is a type of alternative music not a name for groups or gangs. Also punk tribes are not Anti-Christ group axing heads or images of Jesus Christ in churches. That accussation is a real no-no kiddo! ! They also added that most of the members are dressed in demonic attires and indulge in sex orgies during concert. Demonic attires, sex orgies! ! Argh! ! (¿i$/&*¿i). Hey Mac (short for mackerel), punk tribes are not, I repeat are not Anti-Christ religious cult wearing horns in foreheads and indulging sex orgies. This things are purely shitless, baseless lies intended to destroy, stamp out and insult punk movement here in our rotten society. It's a real first degree murder by insult. So before writing anything about punks be sure to get your stories from reliable sources not from moronic, stupid, fucking posers.

In behalf of the whole tribes insulted by your shitless lies, may I have the honor to say FUCK YOU! ! !

P.S. Let's dick these people! !

ACNE
Moonwalk, Pque.

MASS ARREST AT PUNK CONCERT

Dear Editor,

Enclosed is a controversial news item that appeared on the back page of People's Tonight's October 16, 1986 issue re the arrest of more than 700 punks who attended the concert: *Suicide: The Only Alternative* which featured I.O.V., R.D.A., Human Instinct, Deceased, The Next and G.I. & The Idiots.

Organized by the Anarchist Society U.E. Chapter, tickets were sold at ₱10. each with proceeds to go to the bands playing. Half of those who attended were already inside the UnivBelt Plaza when RDA thrashed its guitars signalling those outside to enter. By the time IOV was playing there were no less than 400 inside.

Inspite of typhoon signal no. 1 that night (Oct. 11), the open air concert along Recto Ave. was trooped by hardcores.

It ended up with an unexpected police raid. Everyone was brought to the Police HQ Narcotics Division and charged with attending a concert under the influence of drugs.

Maybe the cops were used to the rock concerts of the hippies during the 70's. 1986 was certainly much more different.

Anonymous



CONCERT, NILUSOB

G 700 DUROG

ULI KAI

lasing saka ginahasa

MONSTER MASH

Dear Editor,

It is with deep sense of pride that I extend my warmest greetings to the management and staff of Herald X. The existence of this fanzine is very essential in the continious expansion of the punk movement. It will be a powerful vehicle for disseminating information, providing an outlet for new trends and sounds and stimulating punks to reflect on the issues and problems that confront the movement.

In view of this, I would like to call your attention to this crazy—old monster trying hard to mix in the movement, who sells very expensive pre-recorded tapes. So TH-mixing with the "movement" that he organized concerts that aren't really that well-organized. Obviously, this monster is not just an old folk but also an ugly ghost who make the full destruction. He once capitalized with the hardcore movement but when he stopped making money out of it, he abandoned the music. For this reason, I call on all fellow punks: "BEWARE OF THIS CRAZY OLD MONSTER". Be critical, if you must write to this fanzine, but do so to improve the movement and not to destroy it like what he tried to do. Let's not substitute this old monter's fantasies for Twisted Red Cross' accuracy and fairness *(sipsip, Ed.)* for this is the cream of the crop of the true punks.

Good luck and I wish you all success!

MARICON
College of Holy Spirit

MENTALLY RETARDED

Hey, What's up? Did I bother you punks? Hope not assholes. Well I wrote coz I would like to congratulate all of you for your fuckin' magazine. Someday I'll send you some pictures of my tribe & the fuckin' ugly faces of my members & all. As you can see now I'm the fuckin' founder & president of this fuckin' tribe called~~> MENTALLY RETARDED or MR. I attended several fuckin' BNW concerts. The best band that I love is that fuckin BETRAYED & URBAN B.

You know, man, I hate cops — throw them out! And all those fuckin' shit chongs when I see them I will puke them all.

There's so many tribes here in Las Pinas especially in U.K. Pulanglupa but they are not yet united. They fuck their hair & they are very dirty & we are all a totally fuckin' rebels. Most of all they are all alcoholic ages fr. 10-20 all punks.

ANARCHY IN L.P.
Bye assholes! Blackout-Oi!

MENTALLY RETARDED
Black Generation

"THE ESSENCE OF PUNK CULTURE" ACCORDING TO ERIC

To all fellow punkers:

"Punk" as the dictionary describes it is a gangster, someone stupid, ridiculous or weird. Thus when you deal with punk, you are dealing with the fuckin' personality, character and the attitude as a whole. It is fuckin' therefore reflected in different angles of a person in his/her fuckin' personality and principles. They call it "tribes" representing a fuckin' group of people with fuckin' chain terms and behaviours and much more in dif'rent language, manner of dressing, "the arts", dance and the fuckin' music in whatever fuckin' form it is. . . still it's punk in nature, future character and approach not like that of that fuckin' new wave.

One may ask me. . . why punk? How did it come into existence? What it's values? and mostly essence? well, there is only one brief and simple fuckin' answer — REVOLUTION. A cultural revolution; the clash of principles; a country with no government; the war with every country; the fight for reality not fantasy. The battle between bad over good. The war between you and me. Thus it is bloody but sometimes bloodless. . .

It is a revolution in which anger and discontentments is rangingly expressed in chaotic, warful, fightful, killingful, realistic and ridiculous manner.

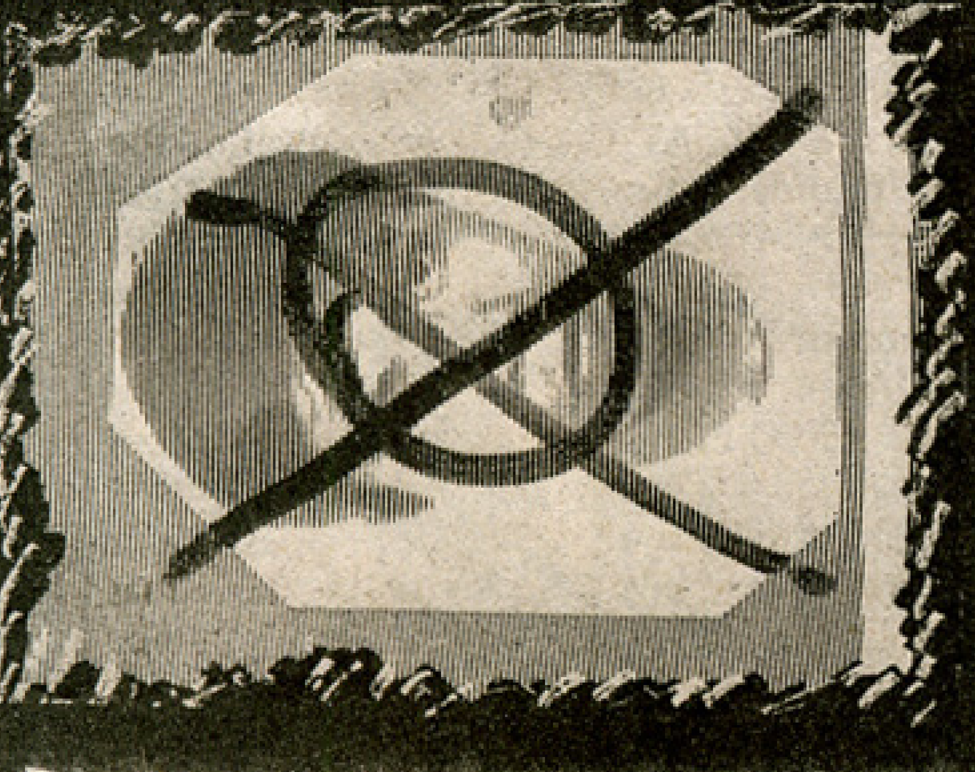
"The Punk Manner"

The struggle for violence, chaos, war and insanity arises in such a revolution. The fight to stop cruelty and stupidity in the society continous, materialism and declination have made it to the scene. Well, as one of the pioneers of punk — Johnny Rotten (the insane) states that "Violence is the end of nothing to do"; it is very easy and very stupid thing too, thus with . . with the punk existence everything will be possible for a fuckin' change. A change for higher things — fantasy not reality, war not peace, depression not bliss and hatred not love — That's what punk is for . . . a real punk!

Don't critize when you
don't understand
Don't remove my dirt
when there's plenty

* * *

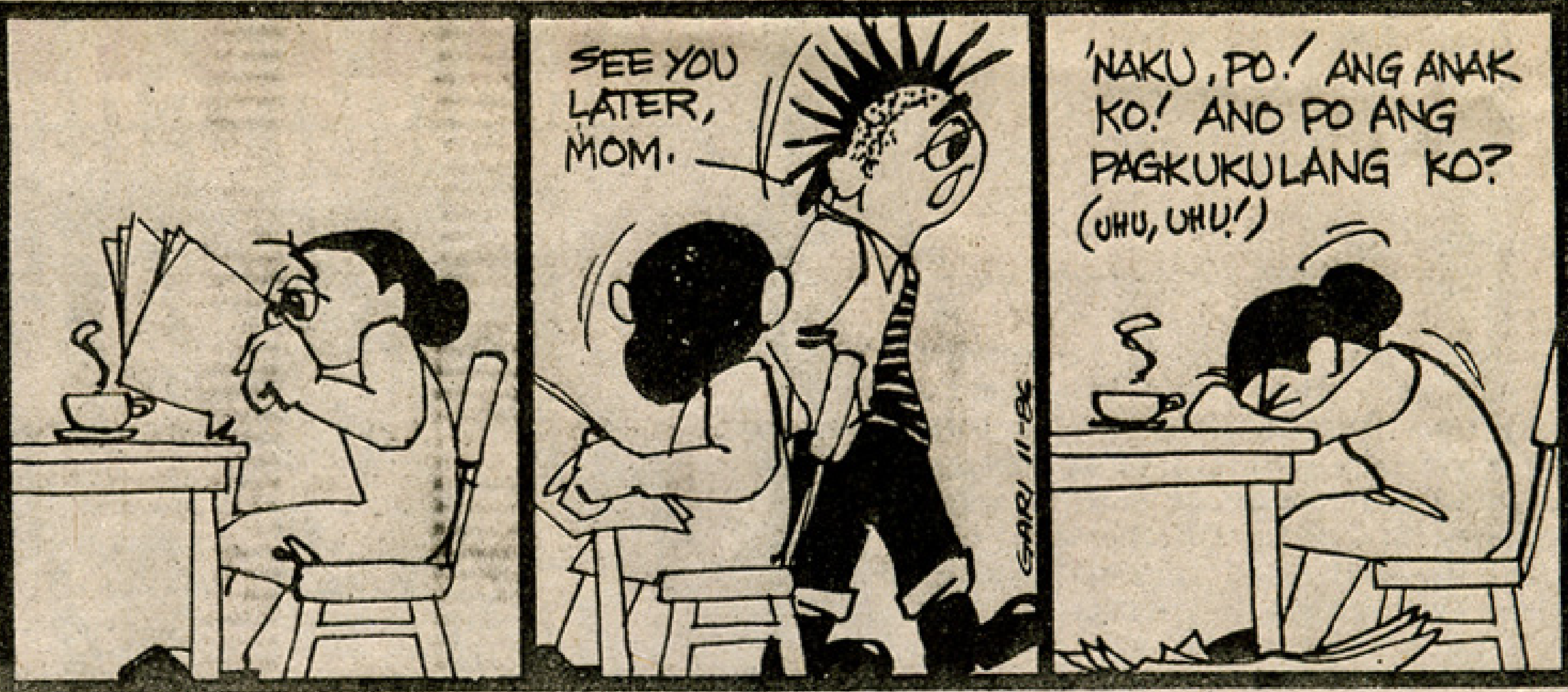
Px: Watch your way punk! ! ! watch your way . . . To Mr. Editor: I just want only to share my fuckin' life — I hate my life as of now

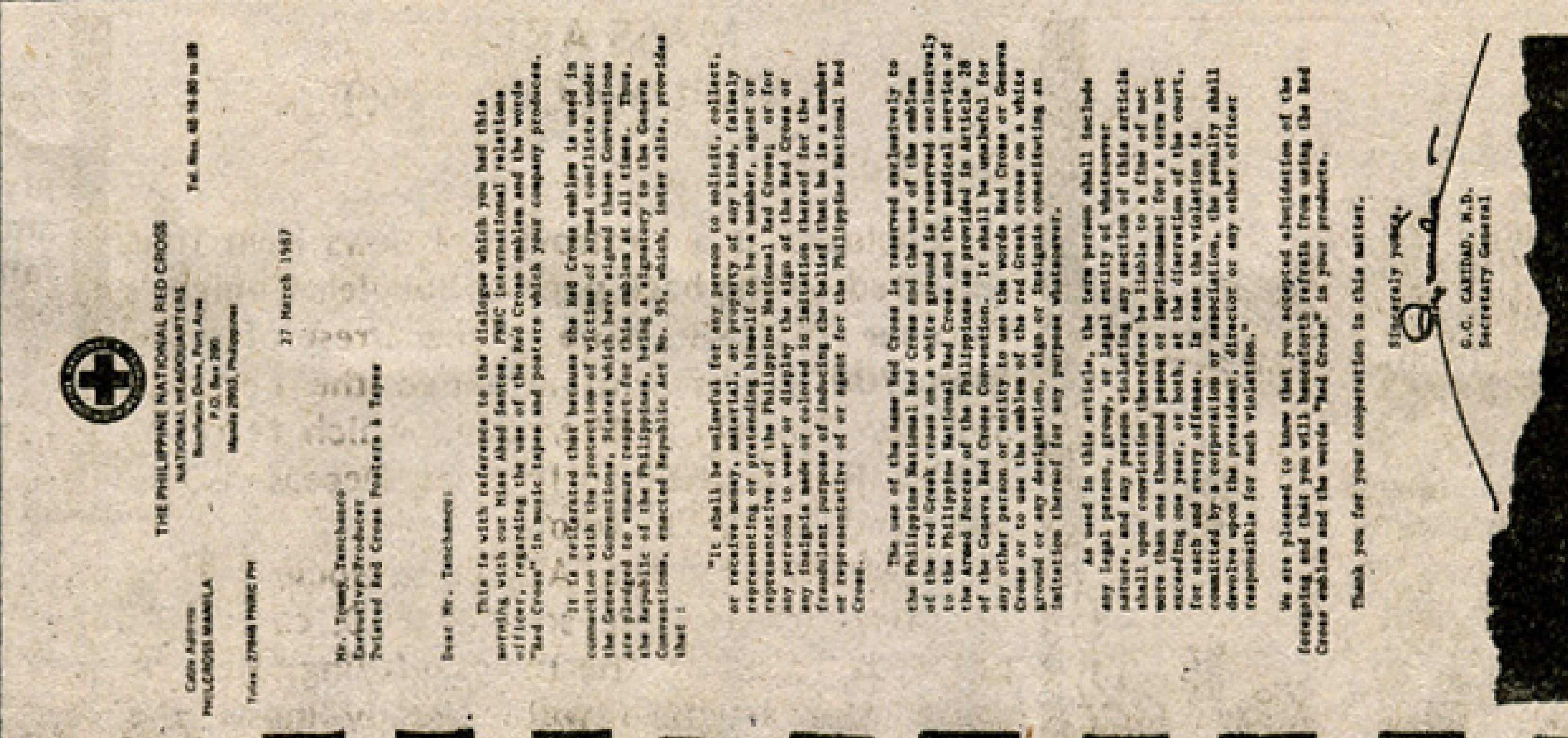


IN MEMORY OF ALLAN (PUNK-SKINHEAD) WHO WAS SALVAGED SOMEWHERE IN M. MLA LAST NOV. 1986 —

That's all,Thanx

Eric/onemanXpunk
(depressed)
Philam Ext., QC 3008





SEND ALL LETTERS, PHOTOS, MANUSCRIPTS, DEMO TAPES AND ANYTHING THAT CAN BE OF HELP TO: HERALD X, P.O. BOX 2304, MANILA, PHILIPPINES.

LITTLE BOY'S BLUES

Everyones classified, its hard being yourself anymore. Teachers mold you to be somebody else and follow in blind conformity what society imposes. Everything from going to school to music in radio can be excruciatingly routinary, therefore, boring. You seek for an alternative and then find yourself into what Alvin Toffler would describe as the skinheads, "Skinheads had their own characteristic outfits—suspenders, boots, short haircuts—and an unsettling pridelection for violence". A way out of the ordinary, but a subcult whose beauty lies on not having a standard approach in doing things and which promotes creativity and change can, in time, grow and deteriorate into a fad. There would be no more sense in identifying with a mere fad, so you continue the search into sects, new age groups etc. trying to find happiness.

CLOCKWORK "KALAMANSI"

ILOILO CITY—My long distance interest in punk actually started when I got tired of the three FM stations alternating jazz, love songs and disco as if those are the only forms of music. So one desperate day I ventured into AM I came across a host of news programs and then eventually DYRJ on 1152. They were playing heavy metal, a little bit of rock n roll and jazz: It was very much different specially the Pinoy Rock program, which goes on everyday. Although RJ and the Juan de la Cruz band belonged to different points in time, I liked their songs, it's hard not to, but its doubly hard to identify with them, either. Enter the Jerks, College and then Chaos, it was what I was looking for, a different sound with lyrics that say what shouldnt be said. Ive always wanted something that does not conform and that is not mundane and getting into this is getting against the sameness of things, and Pinoi Punk seems to be on this ground. Chaos' album introduced me to this new concept and even though I wasnt able to attend those concerts the music and that music magazine kept me interested and imagining. December of 84 came. I was back into where the action is, minutes after I arrived I finally heard the other bands ive read about: Bandits, Wuds, Betrayed etc. And then after a long wait and NME came Recue Ladders, for me, everything in the tape made sense—the cover, the title, the lyrics-truly underground and besides, it gave me a wider idea of the different approach in these music. I got my first spikes and was supposed to go to my first concert, Ive long waited to see the people behind the music, nut I didnt go. Anyway, I saw the Bandits and the golf club on t.v. and this wise veck and a malchick was the Bandits and the golf club New World to Clockwork Orange. Real Horrorshow!

NEWS OF THE WORLD

Year 2010. This world was never meant to be this way. There is no rule anymore. 2 decades and 4 years had past when a dreamer predicted this — "In the future generation to come, kids will unite and take up the questions of growing up with a distorted system of education. Individual whispers of. I dont like your schoold! ! becomes a concerted noise barrage against teachers and cheaters. Aworld wide rage will occur. The user will fall and a nightmare begins"— all things foretold. Then the prophecy came true. Teenage anger resulted an urban assault of the city. Millions of rebel rockers were breaking the wall and commiting murder, even within tribes. And after nine years in service, General 6's military rule was threatened. His latest propaganda on education proved to be the new move for error, in which the malchicks complants were centered: But he gave no excuses. Instead, he called on his lap dogs. He said — "I wont. . . be a quitter. . . for these droogs . . . if we cant get along . . . with those stupid people. . . just dont drop your guns . . . and there is not stopping us". Next day the flag was on half mast. General 6, the Robot, conked out. For science had created a bigger one. The machine to mark. The Beast. Will there be new life? . Will peace be with you?

Greetings to Eduard, Jeffrey and the Depraved.

Clarence Castañeda
16 yrs. in existence

FROM JOY DE VIVRE OF CRASS

(THIS LETTER WAS JOY DE VIVRE'S REPLY TO DOMINIC'S INQUIRY TO CRASS. ED)

Dear Dominic,

I have enclosed a catalogue for you.

The "anarchist"/peace "movement" here is very small (the "peace" movement as seperate from "anarchist" ideas is actually a very large pressure group). I think the proportion of open minds must be much the same from country to country in the west, minds prepared to go beyond apparencies and convention. Our realism is seen as naieve fantasy. We can't offer secure answers so we can't appeal on the level of modification and reform.

In the light of how difficult it is to even get the smallest changes made, getting a nuclear power plant scrapped is no mean acheivement.

However, we're faced with the callous world of economic games and interests. The external conditions aren't just things that come at us, we are part of the conditions as long as we fail to look inside ourselves. Most people want answers from outside or above — in ignorance of reponsibility or avoidance of it, or fear of it. I think that's why "anarchism" is unpopular and misinterpreted. It doesn't represent a visible solution. It doesn't look at issues as if they are seperate. It looks at life and events holistically. The changes made by people who open their hearts and minds seems so small beside even the smallest change made by reformists when in fact they only seem minute because they are immeasurable, because they are about "being", not only "doing".

I wish you all the best too.

With love.
Joy de Vivre

FROM A FRIENDLY YANKEE

April 14, 1987

Herald X

Greetings! I'm Kathy, an american punk living in Angeles City. I was shopping in Manila yesterday, and I came across your ad in the window of Khumbmela in SM City, North Edsa. I jotted the address on the back of my receipt and vowed to myself to write.

I am very disappointed in the lack of a punk community here in Angeles. There seem to be none here. I only see punks in Manila. I decided I could possibly get more into the punk scene here by answering your ad.

I write punks all across America and Canada. I've helped with many an underground project or punk magazine (or "zine" as they call them). I would like to contribute to Herald X in any way I can. I am a writer. I've been "Feature Editor" of my school's newspaper for two years.

Even if my help is unnecessary or not needed, I'd like to know more about the project. I'm also sure a few of my punk friends here and abroad would be interested. If you have any flyers or handouts, that'd be appreciated.

I hope to get word from you soon. Your ad gave me hope!

. . . "Standing above the slagheap of gutless conformity. . ."

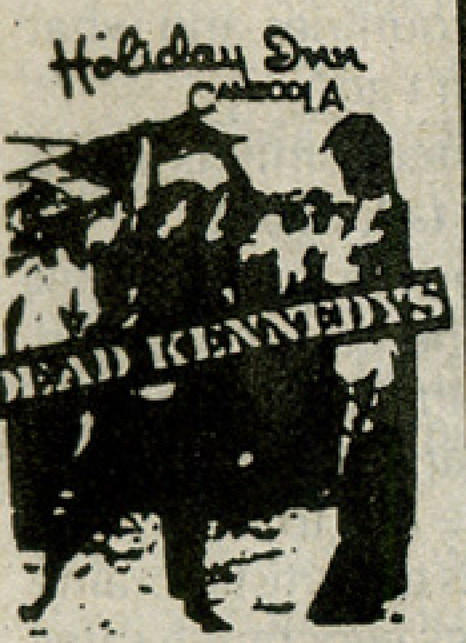
Kathy Rosmer
Angeles City
Philippines



"THIRD BOMBARDMENT" (TRC-10) IS PART 3 OF THE RESCUE LADDERS AND HUMAN BARRICADE SERIES: FEATURING: PHILIPPINE VIOLATORS, PRIVATE STOCK, COLLISION, I.O.V., CHAOS, R.D.A., DECEASED, BETRAYED.



"I would rather work with people coming from other areas than people whose sole musical roots are hardcore and heavy metal. It would be too boring."



DEAD KENNEDYS CALL IT A DAY

... Jello Biafra talks of past, present and future

INTERVIEW BY TIM YOHANNAN
(Reprinted from MAXIMUM ROCK N ROLL)

MRR: What did the band mean to you?

J: In a word, life. At the time that punk first hit me, I was very, very bent on killing myself and hating my own guts all the more because I didn't have the courage to do it. No amount of psychiatric care could have done for me what seeing the Ramones in a horrible country rock bar in Denver did. One power chord on Johnnie's guitar and I knew the audience was in for the torture of their lives. I loved every minute of it, it rocked, it was exciting, and most importantly, I looked at it and said "Wait a minute, I can do that too." So Walter Mitty was brought back to life, if you will. That was the initial motivation. Only later in San Francisco an example was set by people like Negative Trend (and to a lesser degree the Avengers and the Dils) where the emphasis was on not just quality lyrics and volatile lyrics, but on lyrics that were kind of educational and made a point. I realized there was a way to grow in that direction that the NY, LA and some British bands had not yet considered. And that was when the hard work began.

MRR: In what year did the DK's actually occur?

J: We made our debut on July 19, 1978, at the Mab after being together one week. We had a 25 minute set and were so nervous we played it in 10 minutes. The name alone brought out many warped people who realized that we were supplying something missing in their life, namely danger, Let's get to this point, which is something lost on 99% of the people who form bands these days: I, for one, did not go into the band with the idea of wanting to please, get popular, get liked, become a rock star, whatever! I went into it with high goals for the music, 'cause I loved some really volatile bands like the Stooges, Screamers, and again Negative Trend, and wanted to feel what it would be like to actually participate in something like that. But the underlying motive for me was to use the band as a prank. It was easier to do that in earlier days because we were the two-bit opening band designed to supply background music until the headliner came on, whose music and approach was often much tamer than our own. People would get up to dance a little bit or pogo, but there would be plenty of room to run through the crowd and visit the people in the back who'd come for a nice evening of drinks and fondling--and knock over their tables, splatter their beer, shampoo them with the contents of ashtrays or popcorn. It was a way of going one-on-one with people in an effort to wake them up with the value of shock value. One guy in Berkeley, your stereotypical, sedate ex-hippie mellodrone, was sitting in the back of a show at Aitos, and I walked across a long table to him, just looked at him while the band was playing, picked up his pitcher of beer, and slowly poured it all over his body. Two weeks later he came up and thanked me, saying it was an experience he was dreading as it was unfolding, but later realized it was very therapeutic.

MRR: Initially, those possibilities existed, but then as the band became well known, did it become harder to have the outlet?

J: Of course it did because there were more and more people at the shows who had come to see us and expected us to behave in a certain way, so the element of surprise was lost. Serendipity is a very precious thing. Also, because of the nature of our lyrics, we found ourselves pinned in a little by people who'd say "I agree with you on this, therefore you have to agree with me on that." There was a lot of attempted horse trading, especially when I was running for mayor, by various dogmatic political groups who'd be far more effective if they learned to cooperate with other groups instead of trying to push their ideology on the masses in a way far more grim than any church or Reagan Justice Dept appointee could imagine. And we also found that after touring the East Coast as a known band, and going to England and Europe, that our warped sense of humor was lost on many people, especially those who didn't read the words. In Germany, since there had been no lyric sheet with *Fresh Fruit For Rotting Vegetables*, we got large numbers of wealthy kids who had bought punk gear the day before coming to the shows yelling "Ya! Ya Kill the poor! Let's kill Turkish people!" I'm going "Holy shit, we've got work to do." That happened a lot with New Jersey and New York audiences when we hit there for the first time--they expected us to be the heir apparents to the Plasmatics, Dictators and Dead Boys. The early DC scene was a real breath of fresh air on that tour.

MRR: So the spontaneity became a more rare occurance .

J: We were playing more often too, so it wasn't as likely to happen at every gig as it did early on.

One thing I'm proud of is that in spite of all the inner tension and pull to the other side, we lost very little of our edge and power over the years--live, lyrically or on record. We did not go heavy metal, we did not wimp out and polish up our material in order to please college radio promotion organizations, we did not run out of ideas and go crawling back to the 1970's.

MRR: What in fact we're doing here is acknowledging a reality that has existed here for a while, that the DK's as a band are history. Is there a single emotion that you can put your finger on that sums up your feelings?

J: It's made me even moodier than usual, partly because of all the other things that are coming down at the same time. In one sense, I look around and see other things I wanted to bring into the music that others in the band didn't want to let in ... figuring "Aha, I'm a free man, we might get a little more bizarre from here on in." On the other hand, I have no idea if this will wind up being the best vehicle I'll ever have or not. There's obviously some depression involved, and at times there is some anger and bitterness over when and why it happened; I think one of my major disappointments is that we never made it back to Europe.

> ***"At the time that punk first hit me, I was very bent on killing myself and hating my own guts all the more because I didn't have the courage to do it."***

People has been writing in and begging us for 3 fucking years to come back. I think it's no coincidence that places like Finland and Italy exploded with all this new and incredibly abrasive music that broke the mold worldwide, mostly happening 6 months after we played there. No other band of our type had been there up to the time. Same for Australia, we did go out of our way to encourage people to, as the Pink Fairies once said: "Don't talk about it man, do it!" for us to come back there would've meant so much, both for the newer people to finally see and absorb us, and for us to meet and see the other bands and absorb the pulse of the different countries so we can see how other people handle their domestic problems and world issues in ways that Americans don't. Ruth Schwartz told me that I was really missing that, and that was part of the reason I'd become so cynical because I hadn't gone to Europe long enough to actually witness anybody getting anything done. We never made it to Poland, Yugoslavia, Brazil, Spain, never really made it France (except to 2 over-21 shows at a horrible disco in 1980) — I wanted to give something back to all these people. One of the things that kept us together for a long time was that we took long breaks from each other, and then decided that we valued the band more than we did our personal quarrels. Battling back and forth was worth it in the long run, and regardless of what you may think Tim, I'm very proud of the *Frankenchrist* album, the best one we ever made in my never so humble opinion. On the other hand, I guess if the other band members cared so little for the people in these other countries and what we meant to them, maybe it's better we didn't go.

MRR: You've tangentially touched on the inner conflicts in the band; is that something you'd like to briefly talk about?

J: Not in too much detail 'cause we all still know each other, all still talk, and all have a vested interest in the art we created together. I do think it's fair to say that one of the things that was both a good and bad balance over the years--the two polar opposites were my self and East Bay Ray, the first to leave. He was the financial brains of the band and I was the artistic brains of the band. Initially, he wanted to play things very much safer than I did; he did not want to call us "Dead Kennedys" because we wouldn't get a major label record contract if we did--so I promptly told everybody else I knew in other bands that that was the name of our band, and then there was no way to get rid



ART AND EXPOSES BY WINSON SMITH, THE DK'S SOMETIMES ARTIST.



MOWING DOWN THE PEOPLE

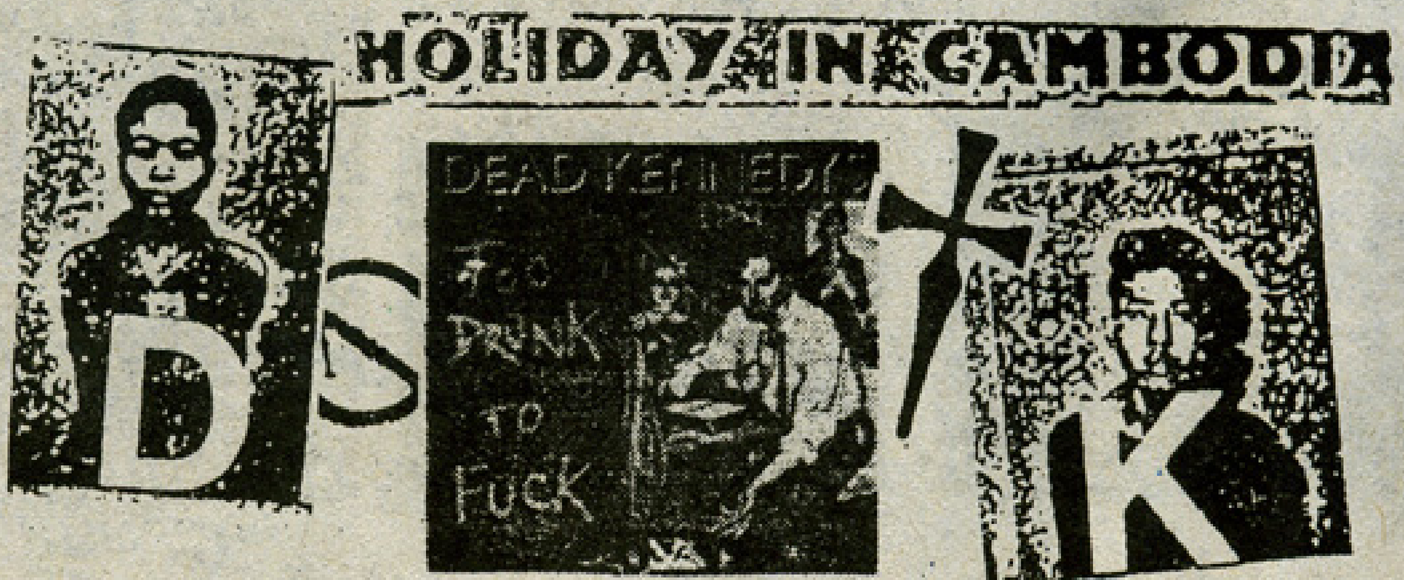
"MOWING DOWN THE PEOPLE"





"IF YOU LOVED 1984"

IN GOD WE TRUST, INC.





LET THEM EAT JELLYBEANS

of it. On the other hand, what I wanted in those early shows was to "out Negative Trend" Negative Trend, in other words, to get ourselves banned from every single venue in a period of 3 months, make 1 single and break up. I think what we learned from each other, at least in the short run, is I taught Ray the joy of having a real artistic edge and using art as a weapon, and Ray taught me professionalism. The down side of that is that we're both emotional enough people that I often put art above human relations and he puts business above human relations. That's had us at each other's throats at times within the band, and has also had very bad effects on peole outside the band. One thing, Ray had said he was going to leave in January, but thankfully stayed on to record *Bedtime For Democracy*, and in the meantime I thought I'd let it slide and we'd finish the records. But then these other legal problems happened. In the long run, Klaus and Darren drifted away as well. One thing that does really bother me is... that old expression about "If you can't stand the heat, get out of the kitchen." Well, I'm the only band member in the kitchen fighting the charges in L.A.. Granted, I'm the only person charged who's been versed by lawyers on what to say in print so as not to throw the case, and the 3 of us agreed after the charges came down that I was going to be point man. But I felt it was unfair for them to get down on me later for taking so long to get the record done when I was spending almost all day, everyday, doing interviews and talking on the phone talking about the police harassment and the band.

MRR: Why did you put off announcing this state of affairs?

J: I wanted to hold off letting any kind of Dead Kennedys demise out of the bag partly to not interfere with my finishing the record. I didn't want my privacy to go down the tubes, but the court charges took care of that anyway. Plus, we had been away from each other for long enough periods before that I didn't want to bury everything prematurely. And # 3, there was this on again/off again proposal for us to play in Brazil, something unprecedented that I really wanted to do--both because of what we could do and learn, and for what we could do for people down there just by being there. I think I'm a lot more conscious than the others in the band of what we really mean to people like that, and why. I realize we're not as hardline or grassroots as MDC, BGK or Crass, but I think we have had a very positive cultural and even political impact.

MRR: Let me ask you this: at least to my mind, very few bands have gotten as far as the DK's and were able to maintain a high degree of integrity. Do you feel that the Kennedys managed to do that, and if so, at what price?

J: I think we did a better job of it than any other band that's gone as far as we have, but that is not to say we did a perfect job by any means. We can't be everything to everyone, especially if we disagree with them on some critical points. One of the ways we did take chances was to tour and perform live in places we knew nothing about, meaning sometimes we wound up in really bad venues with sleazy money-grubbing promoters who treated the audience like shit. But in the long run, except for the appearances in Paris in 1980, I think the good overrode the bad. The conflict that lead to within the band is that after corresponding with a lot of people overseas and in different towns in America, trying to learn the ropes in these places, to both find places to play that could accomodate an audience the size of ours without selling out to every local Bill Graham along the way and not knuckling under to them...that was another reason that I wanted to get back to Europe, because I thought we could finally play for real people a little more this time. At least one other person in the band emphatically disagreed with that and wanted showbiz, pure and simple--wanted the bucks, wanted to farm it out one agent in each country who may or may not give two shits about the music, art or culture. At what price? I've had to walk the finest tightrope of anybody in the band because I have the biggest mouth of the band and am ultimately held accountable for what we do. What I've tried to do is maintain my worth as a thriving got-level artist and political activist and survive off of that and effect people with my work without being an asshole about it. It hasn't always worked that way. I did slowly have to adjust to the fact that I live in a glass house to a degree because of what we say in our songs. I've sometimes

found it hard to maintain my own free spirit and what is true to my heart and soul, in light of what other people feel is politically wrong. In other words, because we're a political band, I get watched like many people watch politicians--they wait to see if he starts scamming, "Let's see if he arrives in a limo", etc. And if none of this happens, "Let's see if he arrives in a limo" etc. And if none of this happens, "Let's just make up stories and claim it has anyway and see what he does about it."

> ***"The name Dead Kennedys alone brought out many warped people who realized that we were supplying something missing in their life, namely DANGER."***

MRR: What about the "great backlash of '82"?
The great backlash of 82" was my first encounter with heavy backlash, and in the case of Boston Rock, an outright smear job. I was initially very sensitive and upset by it to the point of feeling betrayed because many of the people slagging me off and even making up lies were people I had gone out of my way to stick my neck out for--even against the wishes of my own band at times. That left a very bitter taste in my mouth and I had to realize "Wait a minute, as this so-called scene gets bigger, it's attracting more and more normaloids and conformist-minded assholes. These are the kind of people I hated like fuck when I was in school and sometimes got physically harassed by- "Why should I care about what a lot of these people think about me. Fuck ém." It's one thing if it's somebody I respect who says some hard-assed thing about something the band or I have done, especially if it turns out to be true. That can hurt, and hurt bad. But otherwise, a lot of the people who've gone out of their way to poke at me personally over the years, I supposed I've matured to the point where I get off on it--if all I have to do is exist, and they get angry, I think that's great! It means I'm getting through, I'm not nearly as irrelevant as those people would like their readers to believe.

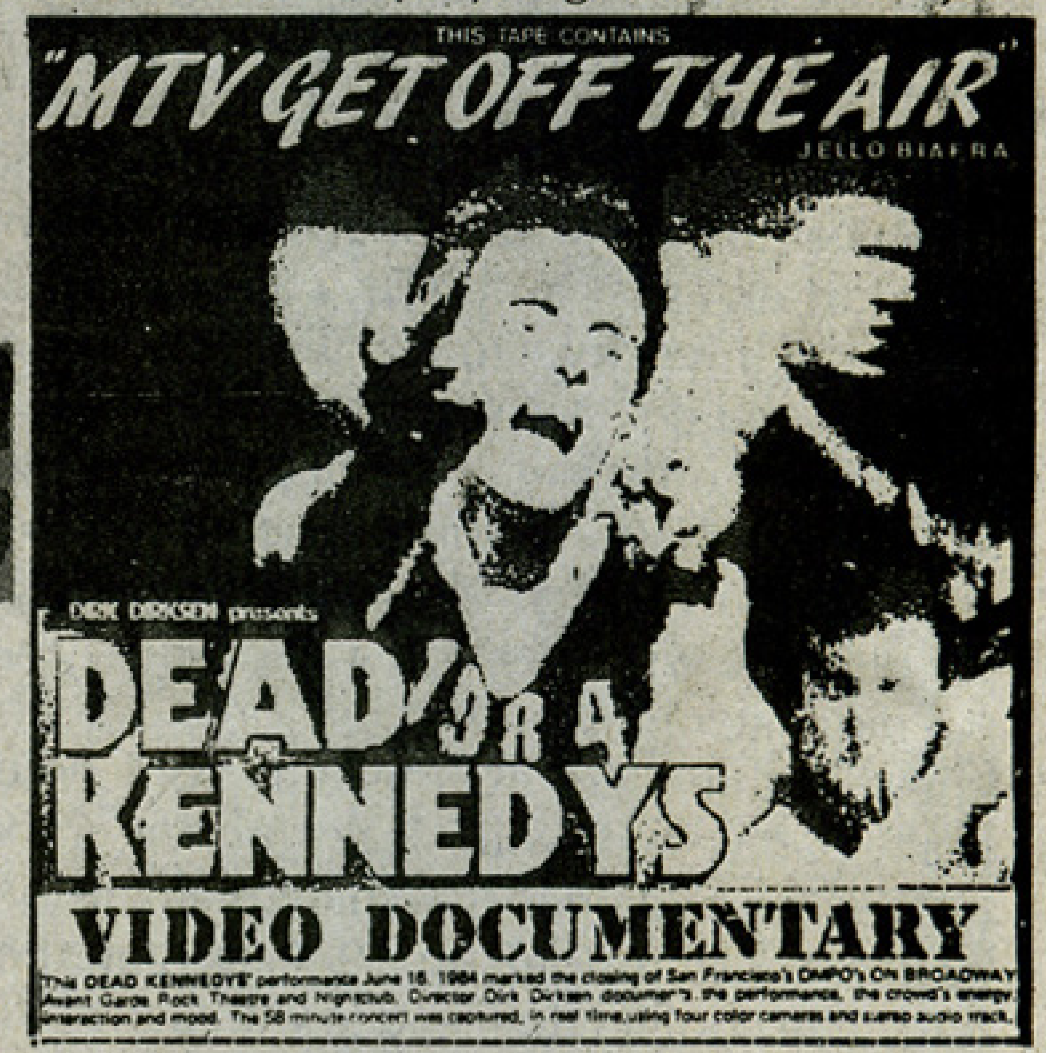
MRR: You've got two large legal hassles right now, and without going into all the details which most people are fairly aware of...
J: There's every detail they'd ever want to know enclosed in an insert within the *Bedtime For Democracy* album, printed up by the No More Censorship Defense Fund...

MRR: What kind of toll has this taken on you, emotionally or creatively? Now that the Kennedys are officially over, can you look to the future, are you still inspired, do you still want to create...?
J: It's the only thing that keeps me alive. I'm horribly behind in terms of my writing. There are so many songs that are half finished that just aren't done yet. I work very, very slowly and meticulously -- I'm my own worst enemy in that regard. I've always been a scatter-brained procrastinator.

MRR: You've done a few spoken word performances -- is that a vehicle that gives you satisfaction? Or do you want to do another band, is that still a viable way of communicating?
J: The spoken word performances have been a very healthy exercise. Some of the credit there should go to a guy in L.A., Harvey Kubernik who pulled teeth for a year to get me to do one. It's allowed me to expand as a writer in certain ways -- part of what I do in these is to expand versions of the lyrics of some of our songs, like "Stars and Stripes of Corruption" and it is the only theatrical way to perform "Kinky Sex Makes the World Go Round". It also is a great information outlet. For all these people who moan "Why don't you do college radio music like REM so we can hear the words?", now you get nothing but the words! But I'm still mainly a music person though -- a pseudo-composer. I do want to continue with the spoken word performance, but I don't think that's interfering with any new musical project nearly as much as the legal problems. Another thing that's cool about spoken word is it attracts an almost totally different group of people, and I am meeting some very interesting human beings that I wouldn't meet if I just hung out at hardcore shows.

MRR: What about the stress factor?
J: My nerves are on edge most of the time anyway, but this has made it especially heavy, mainly having to rely on myself for the inner emotional support. It's eaten up a tremendous amount of my time, I've gotten frustrated because I haven't been able to write tunes for over a year -- which is not as easy for me as it is for somebody who knows how to play a guitar and can just





Biafra's Legal Battle

Sexually Explicit Poster

ACLU to Defend Punk Rocker

Los Angeles

The American Civil Liberties Union will help defend Jello Biafra, lead singer of the Dead Kennedys punk rock band, on criminal charges stemming from the packaging of a sexually explicit poster with the group's latest record album, an ACLU staff attorney said on Thursday.

Biafra, 27, of San Francisco and four codefendants [illegible] accused of distributing harmful matter to minors [illegible] having enclosed with the 1985 album "Franken-[illegible] a 20- by 24-inch reproduction of a painting by an [illegible]winning Swiss artist depicting 10 sets of male [illegible] genitals engaged in sex acts.

[illegible] the matter a free speech issue, ACLU [illegible] Carol Sobel said, "The poster speaks for itself: [illegible] art.

"I don't think (the law) was intended to go after replications of art that have appeared in legitimate arenas. This, in our view, is a clear, protected expression under the First Amendment. It is a statement about our culture."

Biafra, whose legal name is Eric Boucher, had been scheduled to be arraigned in Los Angeles Municipal Court. The hearing was continued to July 20 to give defense lawyers time to prepare legal motions.

Biafra, who delayed entering his plea, castigated the Los Angeles city attorney's office for having filed the charges, which carry a maximum penalty of one year in jail and a $2000 fine.

"I have a real deep sense of outrage," said the rock singer, whose recorded works include such songs as "California Uber Alles" and "Religious Vomit."

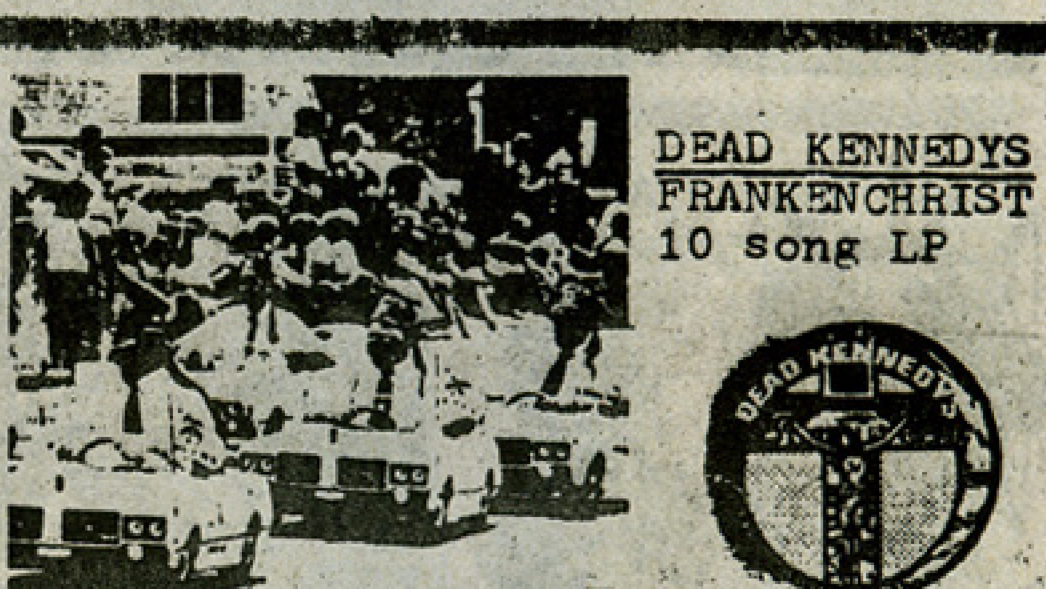
Deputy City Attorney Michael Guarino said that the case was filed as a result of a complaint from a San Fernando Valley mother whose teenage daughter had bought the LP in a local shopping mall as a gift for her 11-year-old brother.

The average adult Californian would find (the poster) inappropriate for distribution to minors," Guarino said. "We had no choice but to file this case."

Defense attorney Philip Schnayerson countered that the original — a painting by H. R. Giger, who shared an Academy Award in 1980 for best visual effects for the movie "Alien" — has been displayed in art galleries and reproduced in general-distribution books and magazines.

Since authorities served a search warrant in the case, Biafra's record company has stopped including the poster with the album, which has sold about 40,000 copies.

Los Angeles Times



keep them bouncing around in their head. I want to get the legal problems out of the way and get some more writing done before I really seriously pursue music again. But I don't want to poo-poo the spoken word thing. It's very rarely been mixed with music -- the Velvet Underground did it with "The Gift", me and Christian Lunch did it with "The Witch Trials", and Hawkwind used to do it during their "Space Ritual" era--while the band was changing things around, 1 or 2 of their electronics people woud be doing effects or melodies and somebody like

> ***"One of the things that kept us together for a long time was that we valued the band more than we did our personal quarrels."***

sci-fi author Michael Moorcock or Robert Calvert would come out and read between songs, often making it a very intense lead- in to a powerful piece of music. Even Iggy Pop opened a recent tour with a spoken word piece called "Boxes". Back to music though, it's not going to be terribly easy for me to find other people to play with #1, one of the beauties of the Dead Kennedys was that nobody except myself came from a heavy rock background. Ray's previous band did rockabitly and Beach Boys covers; Klaus came from funk background: Bruce, our first drummer, was a jazz guy; and Darren has hard rock in him, as well as 50's, 70's and 80's black music--it was very, very diverse.

MRR: Who could you work with now?

J: I would much rather work with people that come from other areas than people whose sole musical roots are hardcore and heavy metal. I want nothing to do with that, it would be too boring. Plus, people would have to be patient. I'm very, very thankful at how patients Ray, Klaus and D.H. were with me, being a non-musician who wrote songs. I don't really play instruments. I made up most of our tunes using voice tapes and melodies I kept in my head. I taught the early songs to the band using a guitar, but my ideas quickly out tripped my friendship with the instrument. So Klaus suggested I just sing them the parts of the songs. It's a lot easier said than done. It takes a lot of patience, especially when you have to go hunting around trying to figure out which key to play the song in, plus do justice to the atmosphere of the song, yet fit in all the parts together. Now I have to find other people with a real ear who can put up with a spoiled non-musician who's grown used to getting away with murder, who thinks he can compose without learning how to play and somehow make it work. The other quandary I'm in is that I do have about an album-and-a-half worth of songs that I'd like to get realized in some way, but do I try a quasi-solo project, which will get the material out or do I throw away my songs to open the doors to the possibility of coming up with something as completely out of left field as Grong Grong or the Butthole Surfers?

Whether I like it or not, I suppose that anything I write is going to sound more like Dead Kennedys songs than anything the other 3 come up with cause I wrote most of the songs anyway and I relate to a certain morbid, pulsating,, grating power in music that sometimes only we could do justice to.

MRR: Do you still think of yourself as a punk, does that mean anything to you anymore?

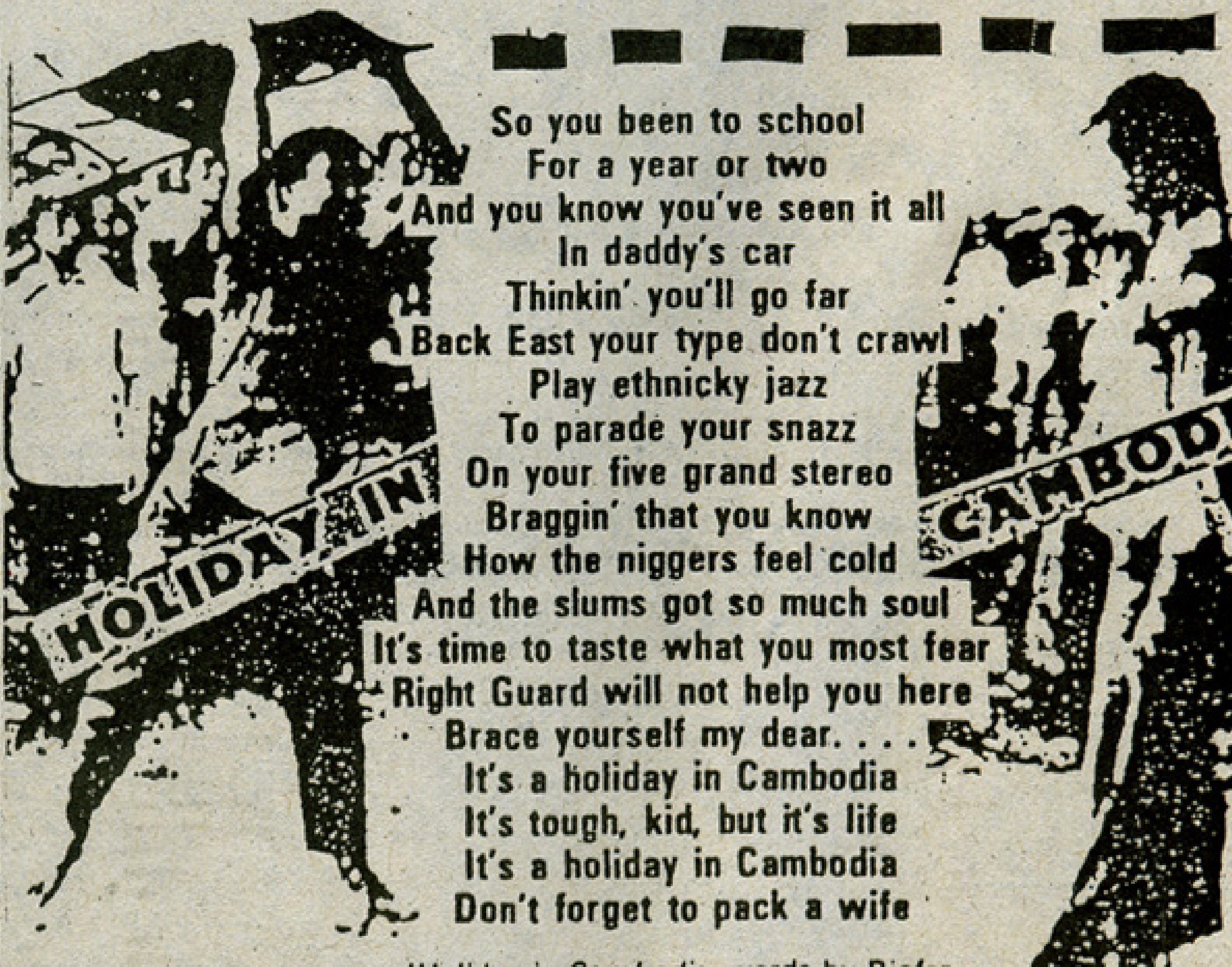
J: I think punk is a state of mind. One of the most punk-minded people I've ever known is Winston Smith. He is the kind of person who used to get fists in the back of his head if he tried to dance at a show because they didn't like the fact that he had a beard or long hair. His attitude is just as radical as it was 10 years ago, 15 years ago, and probably will always be that way. As for me, admittedly I'm more on the Mykel Board side of the fence than the party-line peace punk side of the fence. I enjoy stirring the shit, especially if it can be done constructively. Keep in mind though that people like Patrick Fitzgerald, who had a very punk attitude, might well get beer-canned through the mouth if brought on the stage of a speedcore show, thus defining 90% of what's labeled punk and hardcore today as a new form of conservatism, and cliché. In the 1970's, music got slowed further down andgot ploddier and ploddier and caught up in macho and sexist posing. And instead the most cliché end of hardcore now is speedcore, especially the so-called cross over garbage that subtitutes every racist, sexist and macho lyrical cliché for what could have been an avenue to reach people.

> ***"I want to get the legal problems out of the way and get some more writing done before I really seriously pursue music again."***

Let's face it, heavy metal is the most conservative form of loud music today, even more than country-western or opera. The pressure to conform to a dress code is worse than you'd get from a gym teacher, and most of the lyrics and live shows push nothing but mindless obediance. It especially pisses me off when people who know better start copping an attitude like this, as though they learned absolutely nothing from all the sweat and blood they put into their previous work.

MRR: Any major disappointments in the way certain bands have gone, vis a vis support you haven't received in this legal battle?

J: It would be really slimy for me to start judging my friends on the basis of how openly they supported us on our case or did benefits for the defense fund. That is totally up to the individual, and I realize that there are so many damn things that need help in this world I'd feel like shit to have to ask anybody for money for legal bills.



(*Holiday in Cambodia*, words by Biafra, music by Biafra/Ray/Flouride/Slesinger, © 1980 Decay Music)

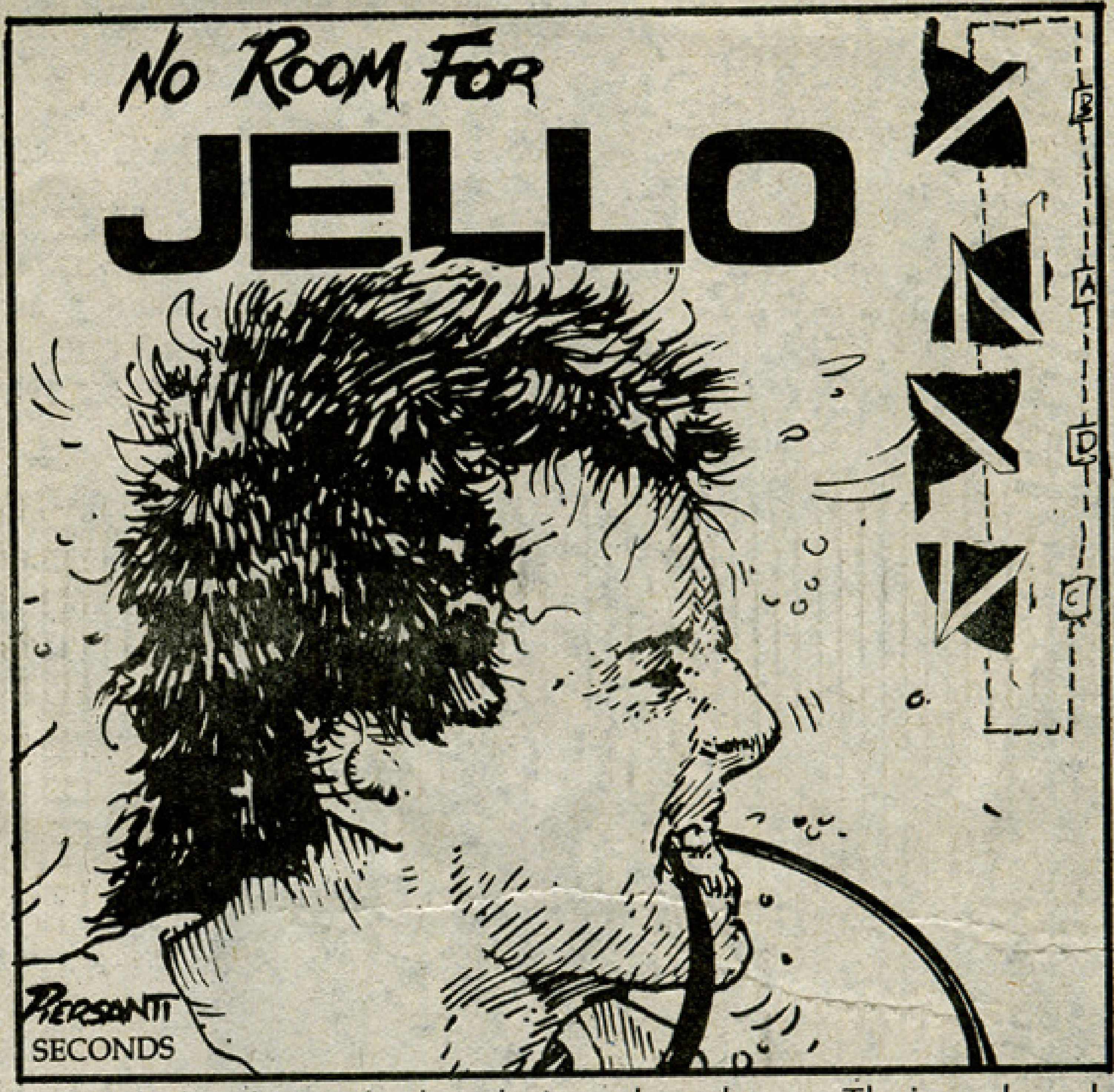
MRR: I disagree. I think you should feel totally justified...

J: I feel bad if somebody who is shit poor ends up giving a chunk of money to the defense fund when they ain't gonna eat very well for a while. The Amebix donated some of their royalties, and realizing that they live a very hand-to-mouth existence becuase of their devotion to their music and ideals.. if we had more money in the fund, I'd say certain people just shouldn't give us money. I can tell there's a lot kids sending in allowance money, who never gave any savings away before in their lives. But in the age of Reaganomics, it shouldn't be the have-nots who always have to sacrifice. Positively, it adds up and helps pay phone bills, buy stamps and pays legal expenses. I'm very deeply touched and thankful for anybody who's bothered. I'll admit theres been some conspicuous absences as fas as people who one might expect to pay attention to this kind of thing who haven't. Or in the case of Al Schvitz of MDC walking up and saying to my face "Biafra, you did this as a publicity stunt and planned it that way." If he had bothered for 2 seconds to put himself in my shoes, he'd know that's complete bullshit-- $30,000 in legal expenses is not free publicity. Neither is the constant strain on my sanity. I told him that. But I am thankful he came right up to my face and said it to me, rather than feeding it to the rumor mill and saying to everyone else but me. We talked about it, but I was quite surprised that somebody who knows enough about how our country is really run would feel that way and I'm sorry it happened.

MRR: Do you see any good coming out of this?

J: I see a lot of good. It's finally sounded the alarm with a lot of people who were snoozing, people who were going "Oh well, let's just think positive, skate hard and dive off the stage, everything will be wonderful". Try telling that to someone whose family has just been blown away by the Contras. It's shown people who take their comfort for granted that real people really can be prosecuted for saying the wrong thing in our supposedly free country. Now, even some people who one would never expect to give a shit are realizing that because we are being dragged into court over what we say with our records, that they are being threatened too. Their freedom is being threatened even if they don't touch on the subjects we do. And damn right, their right to information and to choose is being threatened. It's obvious that a lot of the people trying to put ratings on rock and roll and censor it are working on behalf of the religious Right, who have a totally different agenda: they want to knock down some dominos and rock and roll (not just political punk music) is an easy first target. Within a month after Meese's report on pornography, Wal-Mart drugstores on the East Coast, a big chain, pulled Rolling Stone Creem Tiger Beat and other rock music publications off their shelves because a TV minister ordered them to do it, saying it was pornographic. That's blackmail, and it scares me how much power these people have and the fact that the media is taking them seriously as spokesmen for the American mainstream. Ironically, its been easier to explain all this to some roots-rock and country musicians like Eva Johns and Dwight Yoakam than it has been to people in the hardcore scene. Maybe their grasp is quicker because of the sorroundings they were brought up in. Again, please check out the massive piece in the new LP, both on our own court case and on the censorship movement in general, who's behind it and what their real goals are. Their real goals are to create a theocracy, like they have in Iran, where bigoted clerics call the shots as far as what you hear, what you see, and who lives and who dies. If enough dominos fall, not only will biology teachers be painted with the black brush of pornography, but also a woman's right over her own reproductive system in the form of bombed abortion clinics, and ultimately the Constitution to the United States.

> ***"The Dead Kennedys was one of the greatest pranks the art world has ever had. That doesn't mean that it should stop now."***



MRR: So, as far you're concerned, we haven't heard the last of you -- you're not going to fade into rock and roll oblivion.

J: How could I? I am totally unskilled and unqualified for the straight man's world of work. One thing that I've tried to explain to my parents, who desperately want me to retire, is any kind of a meaningless desk job would be sheer suicide for me. There's just no way I could settle down and be happy. To a degree, I'm very, very lucky that I came into this scene when it was early on and there was room for everybody and I could play out all the things I wanted to spew on an audience for years and get away with it. I'd dearly like to hang on to it and will continue to try and survive off my artwork. Again, trying to do it in such a way that I dont wind up being an asshole about it. It is a conflict because I've realized that with the amount of ideas I have and some of the machinery I have access to now, imagine what somebody with my kind of ideas could do if they had real money. For example, all the records we can't put out on Alternative Tentacles. We've had to turn down so many great people form all over the world it drives me nuts! I'd love to put out 100 records a year, and do a seperate thing for local people just to get them a single so they'd have a calling card. But we aren't ready for that yet -- we may never be. I'd love to be able to do a real radio station or help create real free-from television, or to afford to rent billboard space, to use it as an educational tool. Imagine all those Bechtel and financial district people involved in the arms industry stuck in their cars in rush hour looking at photographs of Contra atrocities with "Your tax dollars at work" written across the top. This is what I mean as a positive prank, with a victim so much as a prank against the stupidity that controls our daily lives. I think, overall, the Dead Kennedys was one of the greatest pranks the art world has ever had. That doesn't mean that it should stop now.

DEAD KENNEDYS

NAZI PUNKS FUCK OFF (Biafra)

Punk ain't no religious cult
Punk means thinking for yourself
You ain't hardcore cuz you spike your hair
When a jock still lives inside your head

Nazi Punks
Nazi Punks
Nazi Punks FUCK OFF

You come to fight? Get outa here
You're no better than the bouncers
We ain't trying to be police
When you ape the cops it ain't anarchy

Chorus

Ten guys jump one - What a man
You fight each other, the police state wins
You cook your goose when you trash our halls
Trash a bank if you've got real balls

Chorus

You still think swastikas are kool
The real nazis run your schools
They're coaches, business men and cops
In a real Fourth Reich you'll be the first to go

Chorus

You'll be the first to go
You'll be the first to go
You'll be the first to go
Unless you think ....

Klaus Flouride - Bass
East Bay Ray - Guitar
Jello Biafra - Vocals
D.H. Peligro - Drums



The worst band in the history of San Francisco. Added new wrinkles to the casting couch theory by weaseling their way on to this record.
When will it end?
Since they began in '78, certain corporations, rock promoters and religious groups have tried their damnedest to make them go away.
But like the Medfly, the plague continues to spread.

New address:
Dead Kennedys
c/o A.T.D.L.M.
P.O. Box 11458
San Francisco, CA 94101

RELEASES:

"California Über Alles/Run With the Dogs"
single (Optional Records) U.S.
(Fast Product) U.K.

"Holiday in Cambodia/Police Truck"
single (I.R.S. Records) U.S.
(Cherry Red) U.K.

"Police Truck", "Short Songs" and "Straight A's"
on <u>Can You Hear Me? - Music from the Deaf Club</u>
Live LP (Optional/Walking Dead Records) U.S.

<u>Fresh Fruit for Rotting Vegetables LP</u>
(I.R.S) U.S.
(Cherry Red) U.K.

"Kill the Poor/In-sight" single
(Cherry Red) U.K.

"Too Drunk to Fuck/The Prey" single
(Alternative Tentacles) U.S.
(Cherry Red) U.K.

"In God We Trust, Inc." 12" EP (Statik) U.K.

THE BANDIT GOES UP FRONT

A *Jughead* Interview



Arnold Sanchez Morales, Pinoi punks's favorite eccentric has just disbanded the Urban Bandits, his major claim to fame and has just formed the Music Front, a group only a few has probably heard of. That leaves this interview with very little rational behind it. Well, his life story wasn't such a bad subject. After all this guy is always good copy. Read on.

ON HUMBLE BEGINNINGS

"I declare myself bored with my routinary life when I first heard my very first punk records. When I heard that Sid Vicious died and later, Ninoy Aquino, I thought many things must change."

"My mother was a school teacher while my father is an engineer. Simple parents, if I may say so. They taught me the importance of the virtues of life even though we come from a poor environment in the city. My education? I first took up engineering at FEU then transferred to UERM taking up music."

"Human nature forced me to have 'barkadas', some strange, others rational. But I'm still basically a loner; always was and maybe always will."



MENDIOLA BRIDGE DURING RESCUE LADDERS PICTORIAL
(L to R) FUR(G), DONDI(B), ROGEL(D), ARNOLD (V)



AT KATRINAS - JAN.1986



'MATIMYAS ROOFTOP - 1985

KATRINAS PHOTO DODONG

ON "COLLEGE" LIFE

"Because everything was getting sluggish, me and my neighboring street creatures banded together to form a school (read: band) of our own. We named it the "College". Our very first concert was held at our own street-ground plaza. It was quite a success".

"Then we auditioned at this rock station which claims to have some kind of compassion and devotion to struggling local talents. I thought they liked us. They made us record our first original materials, gave us a lot of airplay, We even topped their listeners' request line".

"Unfortunately, this same radio station banned us for being outrageous. Well, most (if not, all) punk groups are outrageous. Obviously, they didn't understood".

ON THE URBAN BANDITS

"The Urban Bandits was formed out of frustration. We painstakenly collected ourselves; our sentiments, ideas, ambivalence and promised to fight for the underground (read: punk) movement and its recognition. We struggled against time, society and the system. The youth's boredom and anger were in a way, responsible for our success. *Independence Day* did got the attention of the metropolitan."

"My songs have varied inspirations. For "Do You Rebel, Rebel", it was a girl and Ninoy; in "Machine To Mark", it was my disappointment with Marcos; in "Modern Fishballs", the old DZRJ, in "We Don't Belong To The Stars", the kabalahs; in "Blood In every Heart", the racists; my own neighbors for "No Future Sa Pader" and the suburban Manila girls (the ones whose birth certificates are kept at the Manila City Hall) for "Manila Girl". The rest have their own obvious characteristics."

ON YOURSELF

"Me? I describe myself as like the famous TV and comicbook characters 'Banner and Hulk'. I always smile at the right person and you wouldn't like me when I'm mad."

"People always judge the book by its cover. As far as myself is concerned, there isn't much problem with that. I'm almost the same-anytime-anywhere. My other interests? Just books and the direct effects of sound to the brain and its applications."

"I believe *work* must be the word for the decade. The working class will sing and shout. Laziness and idleness are out. Hippies are turning their backs from their graves."

"Oh, yes, before I forgot, I'm not a rocker, never was, never will be." † † †



PHOTO-DIDITS AT KATRINAS

BETRAYED BY FATE

Yes, it's offical. Dominic Gamboa declares Betrayed null and void. Jughead interrogates further.



DODONG PHOTO DOMINIC

I AIN'T GONNA FIGHT FOR YOU

I AIN'T GONNA FIGHT FOR YOU
WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU GONNA DO
WHAT IF I JUST SAY NO
HOW'RE YOU GONNA MAKE ME GO.

YOU GOT YOURSELF INTO THIS
NOW YOU CAN'T GET YOURSELF OUT
I AIN'T GONNA FIGHT FOR YOU FUCKIN' PIGS
YOU WANT ME TO SAVE YOUR HYPOCRISY
WELL, I JUST DON'T BELIEVE IN YOUR
FUCKIN' DEMOCRACY.

I JUST WANNA STAY AT HOME
I DON'T WANNA BE ANOTHER CASUALTY
YOU TELL ME THEN THERE'S NO ESCAPE
YOU TELL ME YOU'VE GOT MY FUCKIN' NAME.

I DON'T WANNA FIGHT YOUR STUPID WAR
I'LL NEVER EVERY GO TO MINDANAO
YOU TELL I GOTTA FIGHT YOUR WAR
WELL I'M GONNA HIDE RIGHT HERE
BEHIND MY DOOR.

NEVER AGAIN

SEE THE BURNING OF THE FASCIT FLAG
A FADING EMBLEM OF THE LIFE WE HAD
NEVER AGAIN WILL WE SUBSCRIBE
TO ONE MAN'S AMBITION OF POWER AND PRIDE.

'COZ I'M NO MAN'S SLAVE
AND I'LL NEVER BE
NOT NOW, NOT EVER, FOR THE POWERS THAT BE
I'VE SUFFERED ENOUGH FROM THEIR SCHEMES
NOW I STAND FREE.

NEVER AGAIN WILL I BE USED
NEVER AGAIN WILL I BE ABUSED
NOW I STAND AND I'LL FIGHT BACK
NEVER AGAIN WILL I BE SHOT IN THE BACK.

HX: So, how, why and when did it happen? I mean, the break-up.

Dominic: Tandang-tanda ko pa ang lahat, Kuya Eddie. Alam mo, the break-up wasn't actually planned, of course. But since half of the band were busy with their jobs and didn't have the time to practice anymore, I suggested that it would be better for us to go our separate ways. It was useless to continue with the band. We no longer shared the same views making it difficult for us to agree on almost anything. We did still record a couple of tunes for the *3rd Bombardment* compilation and played one last gig at the *World Annihilation* concert at the Ortanez University gym before the split.

HX: Tell us about the concert. I heard it was something else.

Dominic: Yes, it was. The concert had to be cut short because all the noise were getting on the

nerves of the patients in the nearby hospital. We did finish our set and it was there where I announced the band's decision to break-up. By the way, it was Louie of G.I. and the Idiots who played drums for us in lieu of Pags who was sick at the time.

HX: It's probably water under the bridge now but some people are still interested to know the grizzly details behind Betrayed's controversial transfer from the DMZ to the TRC record label. How about a blow-by-blow account?

Dominic: Sure. We decided to transfer to TRC because we felt that DMZ wasn't responsible enough to be our label. We were made to believe that we would be getting a fair deal. Unfortunately, we didn't realize that we were dealing with a con man so we naturally ended up being the losers. We did the hard work and DMZ made the profits. We didn't even got any royalties from the sale of OUR cassette. What a fuckin' fair deal it was.

But what's done has been done and we all learned from that painful experience. Too bad because our cassette really sold well. Anyway, all I hope for is that this thing doesn't happen again to any other band in the future.

HX: That's quite a mouthful. Any ill feelings among the band members after the split-up?

Dominic: No. we (the band) started out as friends and we still parted as friends. We still see each other from time to time to talk, drink, go out and. . . (CENSORED.)

HX: You do have a new band right now, don't you?

Dominic: As of now, I'm still deciding whether to continue playing or not. I did form a band called "Tropical Depression" after Betrayed's disbandment but it didn't really got off the ground. We only had a couple of gigs, one at UP and the other at Shakey's Pasig last February 13. I'm still looking for the right people. If any of you out there are interested, then please write me up c/o this magazine at P.O. Box 2304, Manila.

HX: Last question, how are the Betrayed cassettes under the TRC label doing?

Dominic: It's doing great. You wouldn't believe that It's still selling like hell. Now that you've mentioned it, I'd like to take this opportunity to thank all the people who supported Betrayed from the very beginning. To all of you guys, our heartfelt (ow?) gratitude.





SHAKEYS PASIG - FEB.13,1987





BETRAYED - CIRCA '86. FROM LEFT (STANDING) JE BAUTISTA(B), DOMINIC(V), BOYET MIGUEL(G) & MANNY (AKA A.J.PEANUTS) PAGSUYUIN(D) + TOMMY.

PHOTOS-DODONG

WHERE HAVE ALL THE PUNKS GONE?

The Class of '77 revisited

Article by Scott Chrome and Punky Egbert

Punk lives — it just moved someplace else.



Da, who cares? Half of 'em went back to college and the other half moved back to Minneapolis. Except Patti Smith. She moved to Detroit.

Some punks went new wave. Some joined AA. Some never knew what hit them.

Sylvia Morales, who would just as soon spit in your eye as look at you, married Lou Reed and moved to suburban New Jersey, where she writes fiction.

Johnny Rotten moved to Elektra, Linda Ronstadt's label.

Johnny Thunders moved to Paris where it's cheaper.

Richard Lloyd of Television moved to Sweden, hit the reset button, and is ready to start all over.

Richard Hell, who married Patty Smyth of Scandal, played the corpse in *Desperately Seeking Susan.*

Tish and Snookie of the Sic Fucks still own Manic Panic on St. Mark's Place, probably the oldest punk boutique in the world, although word is rents are skyrocketing on their block.

Ace *Punk* magazine photographer Roberta Bayley enrolled in college and runs a travel agency.

Stiv Bators joined the Lords of the New Church, but is now back with the Dead Boys, as is Cheetah Chrome.

John Collins and Tony Machine, after a few maitais, started a band called the Delancey Street Hawaiians.

David Johansen went on *Miami Vice.* His alter-ego, Buster Poindexter, is New York's most beloved cabaret singer.

Alan Vega of Suicide is solo artist on Elektra Records and his old partner Martin Rev is a solo artist on New Rose Records, but they're making a new Suicide album.

Pete Shelley of the Buzzcocks had some solo hits, like "Homo Sapiens" and "Telephone Operator," while other members of the group formed the Professionals.

999 tried to go commercial, but are back to their old style.

The Stranglers changed their style.

Kristian Hoffman of the Mumps plays with Ann Magnuson in the Bleecker Street Incident.

Robert Gordon is in a new Budweiser TV ad.

Lenny Kaye of the Patti Smith Group recently produced Suzanne Vega.

Iggy Pop plays golf and got his P.G.A. card in the mail.

Richard Sohl of the Patti Smith Group plays with Nina Hagen sometimes, and with Romeo Void, Joy Ryder, and Elliot Murphy, when he's not too busy as a fashion model.

Anton Fier, drummer of the Feelies, is now a famous jazz musician.

Voidoid guitarist Robert Quine frequently plays with Lou Reed and Eno, and plays on Tom Waits's new album.

Billy Idol of Generation X is now Billy Idol.

Topper Headon of the Clash lives in London and has a new band. Joe strummer and Paul Simonon have a new record, which may or not be a Clash record, and Mick Jones has a band called Big Audio Dynamite with punk filmmaker Don Letts. They have a hot new album.

The Damned are as popular as ever. Captain Captain Sensible had a No. 1 hit in England not too long ago.

Mary Harron, British correspondent for *Punk* magazine, works for British TV and is making a documentary about the Velvet Underground.

Jordan, who set a fashion standard for punk women which still stands and got a London Arts Council grant for looking like a work of art, married a rock n' roll manager.

Poly Styrene and Laura Logic joined the Hare Krishnas.

Darby Crash O.D.'d one week after the Germs reunion.

Ricky Wilson of the B-52's died of the Big C.

Don Vinyl of the Offs O.D.'d just when the band was about to reform.

Bob Roberts of the Offs moved his tattoo business to Hawaii.

Anya Phillips died of the Big C.

Adny Shernoff of the Dictators works on Wall Street. His former bassist, Mark "the Animal" Mendoza, is in Twisted Sister. Dictator lead singer/roadie Handsome Dick Manitoba drives a cab but still looks great.

Wayne County is now halfway to being Jayne County.

Malcolm McLaren, former New York Dolls and Sex Pistols manager, commutes between Hollywood, where he's making movies about surf Nazis and fashion police, and New York, where he's staging "Fans," an opera, with impresario Joseph Papp.

When it's hot, Walter Steding is painting in Harmony, Pennsylvania.

Penelope of San Francisco's the Avengers is either married or making a new record.

Lee Ving of Fear became an actor and plays tough guys in movies like *Get Crazy, Wildlife, and Flashdance.*

Susan Springfield, leader of the Erasers, works in the art department of *The New York Times..*

Minor Threat, who started "straight edge" in D.C., telling people not to drink, smoke, or even have sex, died in 1983 of Art Linkletter Disease—too much integrity. They put out three or four records; their goal was not to sell one.

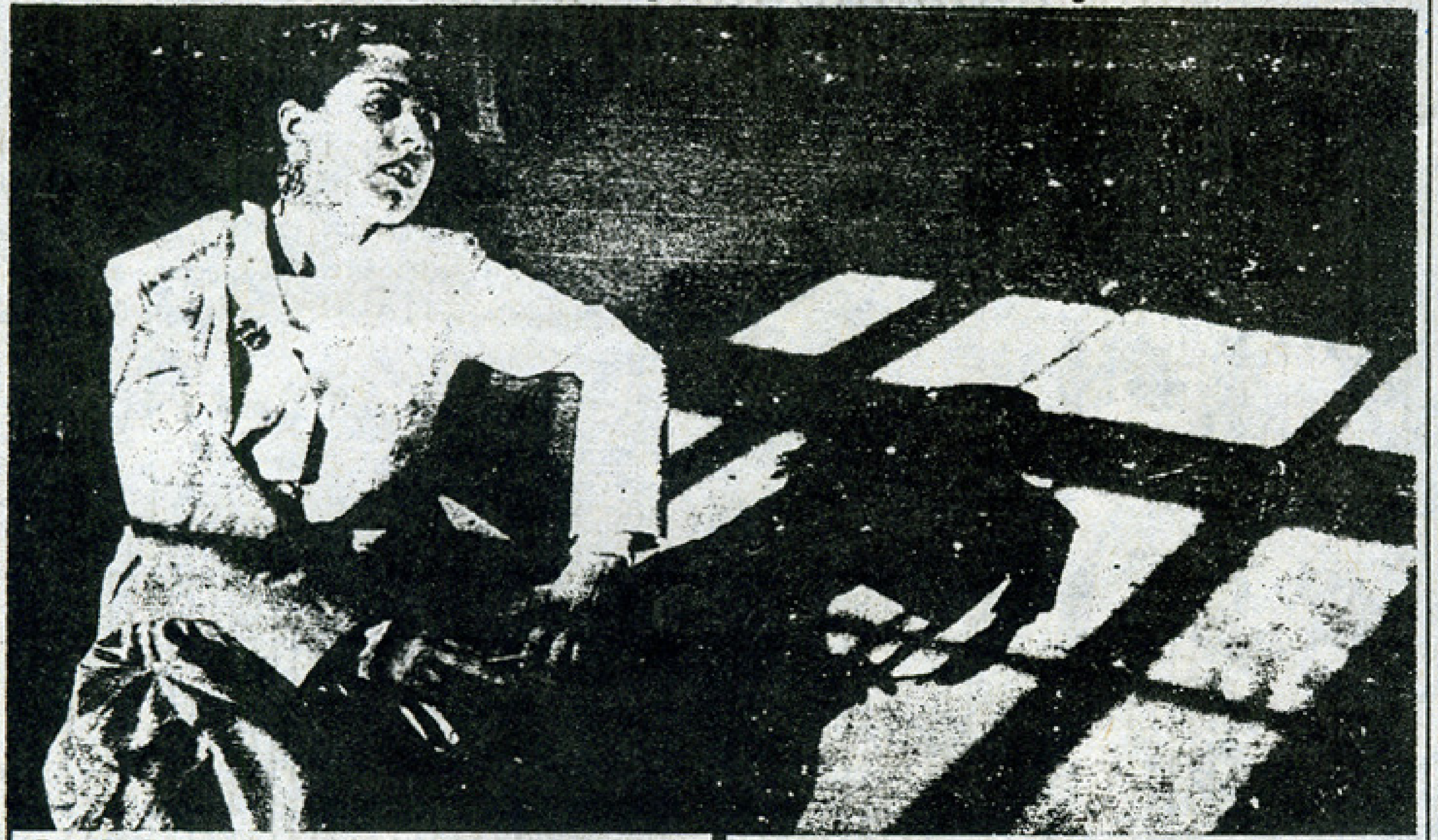
Helen Wheels pumps iron, won the Miss Olympia bodybuilding crown, and has a part in the new Steven Spielberg film directed by Richard Benjamin.

Sid Vicious is dead.

POLY STYRENE of X-RAY SPEX

The Lost Years

If you thought X-Ray Spex were the punk ideal incarnate, think again. Back from her three year retreat in a Krishna temple, POLY STYRENE rewrites history and outlines her plans for a positive future. Listening: Sorrell Downer. Looking: Phil Nicholls



"PEOPLE," chatters Poly Styrene, emerging rejuvenated after five years of silence, "might think that a Krishna devotee will only bring out a record filled with 'Maharaja baby, Hare Krishna crazy' chanting, but it isn't like that . . . . ." (howls of laughter)" . . . it's just not like that."

Even to the most skeptical observer, Krishna, under whose wing Poly has been whiling away the missing years, has proved to be more inspirational than influential. So it's not "Oh Bondage, Up Yours", but then those perfect, punching X-Ray Spex numbers were always a little too neatly packaged. But this, her new "Gods And Godesses" EP, shows that she's burst the banks and flooded across unmapped territory to add something faintly alien and haunting to the familiar beat of pop. The Mrdanga and sitar sidle around the synthesizer to create the fusion of East and West she had been fascinated by for years, and had attempted on the experimental, ie not highly successful "Translucence" album, of '81.

The appeal of the East first shone bright in suitably sordid Western surroundings. "It was at a festival around '74 – a grey, drunken, deathly sort of scene" (some things it seems, will never change) "when these young, shaven headed men walked through, just glowing. Intelligent men talking about being clean. It was their purity and the fact they looked so together that attracted me, and influenced me a little bit when I started X-Ray Spex. I wanted the music all tidy. It wasn't rock 'n' roll and drugs and let it all hang out . . . it wasn't that mood.

"It was just that raw, youthful energy that attracted me to punk. The 'Yeah, you too can do it. You too can say something.' But I was never really a part of the hard stuff and violence. I was thinking more about consumerism and plastic worlds."

Sentiments like "I want to be artificial/I want to be a frozen pea" were seen as innocent nihilism rather than intelligent cynicism, and Poly found herself hailed as a central punkette, and thrown in the wrong stream, too deep.

"I thought 'This isn't what I'm about. I don't want to be a part of that heavy, aggressive, dark, demonic mentality'. So I thought maybe I should step back. You can get involved in drugs, sex and everything and forget about all your problems, it's just enjoy and enjoy and you become a zombie. The minute you stop doing that you realize you've been involved in an illusion.

"I started to try and justify what I was doing. I was exposing and criticising the material world but I had nothing to offer in it's place, so was I being of benefit to anybody? Hippies were against material things but they didn't offer any alternatives. All they did was get stoned and screw around and that didn't make anybody happy, really. In that sense the punk thing wasn't much different, except that was frustration with everything.

"I started to visit the temple. It was beautiful; flowers, music, lovely vegetarian food and people talking about philosophy."

Considering most people cross the street at the sight of orange, wasn't she being remarkably open minded?

"Well," she laughs, "I always end up going for everything that's different and unusual, but I started to learn, and I realized there was some substance behind this."

Each Krishna temple offered a secure and stable social circle: "A spiritual master is like a real father, it's a very deep relationship. I was very puffed up when I walked in there, but he helped me see who I really was. He said the temples were just like hospitals and that you're in there to get well, spiritually well, and that rather than teaching people to give up the material world, he's teaching them how to live in it."

And so Poly went in for repair, spending a total of three years in the peace and calm of the temples with her daughter Celeste, now five: "I was training all the time, because you sing these devotional songs everyday. I even started to learn Indian scales, but I'd never go into singing like that. I also sang at functions and things, but none of it satisfied me. I'm an extrovert and I can't change that, or renounce it. All the time I was there, I was hoping to acquire something big and powerful to use in society in a creative way."

Now she's back in circulation and fired with a new enthusiasm. Poly had disappeared into the temple with short hair and braces, singing fiercely about illusive existences and warriors in Woolworth, and returned glamorous, "no longer ashamed of having a woman's body. . . It's just a body, it might be a man's next time", singing "I love all the flowers/I love all the trees", and slipping gilt-edged beautiful images into sensous songs.

" 'Forget the past, it sleeps/And n'er the future drive away/But act with times that are with you/And progress we shall call'," she quotes, shyly.

Aside from further recording, future plans include a stage project with Michael Clarke. "I'm writing songs for his voice and he's dancing through my body," which sounds exciting.

"I'm pretty enthusiastic about what I'm doing now. I want to improve on my past. I want to do something wonderful, just to leave a mark. It's nice to have the ability to influence, so why not do something that's constructive and elevating rather than something that's just degrading and leaves a mess."

SOUNDS

CHAOS circa 1987

THERE WAS A TIME...



1983. PHOTO TAKEN AFTER A GIG AT TONDO, MANILA.

The last time anyone has ever heard of the band Chaos, one of Pinoi punks's original yet less celebrated pioneers was in 1984 (or about three years ago) when they released their first and only LP, *New Move For Error* as *Third World Chaos*. In spite of the band's claim that the record did pretty well in the market, *NME* still suffered from poor promotion, minimal (radio) exposure and critical disgust (from at least one Jingle music magazine) and eventually found its way into the bargain bins of Dyna.

Not much has been heard from the band since then. The hype surrounding them started to deteriorate, a change in name from Chaos to Ex-Communicate did not yield encouraging results and the few concert performances after *NME*'s release would rather be forgotten than remembered.

But as the 'ol saying goes, there's no keeping an influential (as in *influential*) and inspirational (as in *influential*) group down. The release of the TRC compilation, Third Bombardment early this year indicated an "imminent comeback" for Chaos with the inclusion of two new songs, "Tools and Fools" and "Culture Shock" from the band.

This time, main man Tommy Tanchanco, who has been busy with entrepreneurial activities for quite a while finally decides to talk about his band's "rumored return" or whatever that means. Herald X's Jughead listens.

HX: So you're back, Why the sudden reemergence?

Well, we're not really back, I mean we are not really the same as before but the band is still there, Potit, Manny, and Fer (who just got married and is soon to have kids) and me who are still very much around everywhere, but there's no activity for the band at the moment because of time pressure, like Manny and I have got a lot of paper work in school and it's really eating up a lot of our time. Fer is busy getting ready to leave for a while for the United States while Potit is busy looking for a job, I guess, I haven't seen him lately, I don't really know what he is really doing. Actually, those two songs, "Tools and Fools," and "Culture Shock" were recorded quite a long time ago, early 1986 but it does not mean that there's something very sure coming out next. There might be something like plans but nothing is definite at the moment.

HX: Whatever happened to Ex-Communicate? Why do you call yourselves Chaos again?

Excom, well we just used the name for a while because of a few personal misunderstandings and other reasons, we thought that changing the name would cool everything down to normal, it may sound stupid, but it did. Now everything is back to normal so we felt like being Chaos again, the only difference is, the phrase "Third World" was omitted and it is just a plain and simple CHAOS and that's it. That's what we really are and almost all our friends and supporters are saying that Chaos is better than Excom; likewise, we felt the same.

NXT PG PLS →

HX: Do you still have the same line-up?

Yes. We still have the same line-up and a few new songs which we are planning to record perhaps in the near future. The music I cannot tell if it had changed or remained the same, only you and other people can judge it. Although it might change eventually, I'm not sure, whatever comes out.

HX: When was the last time you performed in public as Chaos? As Ex-Communicate?

Last time we performed was February of 1986, I think it was the 16th at Rockola and after that no more Chaos. As for Excom, it was August of 1985 at Katrinas.

HX: How did your first recording (N.M.E.) fare in the market?

N.M.E. with all its publicity and uniqueness, reputation and people's judgement has fared well in the sense that there are no more copies available and still many people are looking for the album and I don't know why the hell Tower Records is doing nothing about it. There are negotiations going on for the re-issue of the album.

HX: Who's managing your career now?

Nobody else in person is managing our career except the band with a lot of help, advise, and suggestions from real good friends of ours.

HX: Tell us about your future plans. When will you perform again in public?

With regards to concerts, I really want to perform even at this very moment but there are more things that we have to do than that. One more thing, the attitude of the crowd now is getting different. Manny is really annoyed to see violence in concerts. Let's face it it's really getting violent, this is because of the fact that there is a lot of New concertgoers who are doing it the wrong way. For example, Slam Dance – you're not supposed to use your pointed elbows to hit others. The organizers and venue owners are getting a bad impression, usually it's always the first and the last in that place. The only proper place to go was Katrinas or any place similar to that, where people go in paying what they are supposed to and everything is just right.



1984
BRAVE NEW WORLD (PART 5)

Potit Mangali/Vocals
Tommy Tanchanco/Guitars, backing vocals
Manny Pascual/Bass, backing vocals
Ferr Solver/Drums



BRAVE NEW WORLD



FEB.22,1986-LAST GIG

HX: Whatever happened to your 5-year contract with Dyna?

Our 5-year contract with Dyna shall expire next year 1988, anyway it's just a piece of paper for us. But I think Dyna has done a lot of good things for us especially the people working there and their managers had been okay with us. There are no plans of renewing it. But we might sign up a lifetime contract with TRC if they would welcome us one day.

REBEL ROCKERS

THE REBEL ROCKERS ARE ON THE WAY
ON THE WAY TO PUT YOU DOWN
PUT YOU DOWN BELOW THE GROUND
YOU'LL JUST CRY WHEN WE SURROUND
THE REBEL ROCKERS ON THE WAY
ON THE WAY TO PUT YOU DOWN
THE REBEL ROCKERS ON THE WAY
ON THE WAY TO PUT YOU DOWN

WE'LL PUT YOU UP AGAINST THE WALL
WE'LL KICK YOU DOWN AGAINST THE FLOOR
DOWN ON THE FLOOR YOU'LL SPEAK THE TRUTH
SPEAK THE TRUTH OR OFF YOUR TOOTH!!!

WE DON'T NEED YOUR STUPID LIES
JUST TAKE OFF YOUR OWN DISGUISE
YOU'RE NOT HONEST IN WHAT YOU DO
YOU'LL BE FOUND IN A GARBAGE CAN
(2X)

NME – NME – NME – NME (4X)

DEAD ENDS: Lessons in Hardcore

by
Daddy Malcolm's son

Dead Ends is a three-man band composed of Al Dimalanta on guitars and vocals, his brother Jay on bass and Rouen Pascual on drums. The music of Dead Ends is classified under hardcore although what make them different from other hardcore acts is their calculated use of melody and speed. They don't usually adhere to the "speed-for-speed's sake" principle. Neither do they settle for mere tuneless hollering and shouts. Thus, one can find fast hardcore jolters as well as relatively slow albeit intense songs in their repertoire.

So far, the band has already two cassette albums out in the market, *Complaints* and *Second Coming* and a third one (which according to Al is an honest-to-goodness and pure hardcore stuff) is currently in the making and should be out by early 1987.

Dead Ends was formed in the early months of 1984. The present line-up, however, was only completed on August of that year when the band's original drummer left and eventually replaced by Rouen. Their first gig came when Tommy Tanchanco of Twisted Red Cross asked them to play in his *Crappy Halloween* concert on the 31st of October of that same year. A lot of other concerts followed after that fateful night, such as the *Brave New World* series, the Matimyas concerts and those hardcore Saturday nights at the late lamented Katrina's Ihaw-Ihaw and Beer Pub in Ermita.

Their debut cassette, *Complaints*, was released mid-1985 and became a ground-breaking recording of sorts for it marked the first time that a local punk act released an independently-produced underground album (discounting Chaos *New Move For Error*, which was released nationwide by Dyna Records). The best-known tracks in that album cassette were "This World", "Dreamer", "Rage", "Morons (Like You)" and the title cut. A year later, *Second Coming* was released and Dead Ends automatically became the first punk act (again) to release a second album cassette.

Comparing the sound and musical quality of both *Complaints* and *Second Coming*, lead singer Al has this to say: "What the listener s got (in *Complaints*) was a suppressed Dead Ends sound. And this was mainly due to the fact that the band members were still inexperienced as far as studio recording is concerned; the whole album was recorded and mixed in eight hours and there were definitely no overdubs made, except for the lone-vocal track. Our second album was better. It had the sound that would have been present in the first album had we known what to do back then which we do now."




AL


JAY


ROUEN

The band is currently busy with their upcoming third cassette which, as earlier stated, is probably due this month. "The band refuses to be static", Al declares. "We don't want to follow the footsteps of other more popular bands who, after recording a certain amount of success and mass acceptance, stop growing and being creative and just rest on their laurels. For us, each album represents a certain phase in our musical careers. The third album will definitely be different from our past efforts and that's one thing for sure".

NOTHING I CAN DO

1) I DON'T WANT TO SOUND LIKE JELLO BIAFRA
I DON'T REALLY WANT TO BUT THEY SAY I DO
I DON'T WANT TO SOUND LIKE ANYBODY
I DON'T REALLY WANT TO BUT WHAT CAN I DO

CHORUS:
2) THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO (3X)

I DON'T WANT TO HURT ANYONE'S FEELINGS
I DON'T WANT TO OFFEND, BUT SOMETIMES I DO
I DON'T WANT TO STEP ON ANYONE'S EGO
I DON'T REALLY WANT TO BUT WHAT CAN I DO

(REPEAT CHORUS)
BRIDGE:
NO SIR (2X)

3) SOMETIMES I ACT LIKE A MINDLESS PERSON
TRYIN' HARD TO BE THE BEST THAT I COULD
SOMETIMES I GET CAUGHT WITH ONE SHOE IN MY MOUTH
I DON'T REALLY WANT TO BUT WHAT CAN I DO

(REPEAT CHORUS)
(REPEAT 1, CHORUS, 2, CHORUS)

THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO (2X)

THE TAPES TELL THE STORY



The Dirty Dozen

MUSIC THAT MAKES HEADLINES...

1 Rescue Ladders & Human Barricade



- URBAN BANDITS: "MODERN FISHBALLS" – "HOY!"
- PRIVATE STOCK: "FUTURE GENERATION" – "ROCK N ROLL MACHINE"
- BETRAYED: "BETRAYED BY YOU" – "URBAN ASSAULT"
- WUDS: "NO EXCUSES" – "WE JUST LIKE BEFORE"
- DEAD BEAT: "IM GONNA GET YOUR GIRL" – "I WONT"
- SEX MILITANTS: "BLOODY NUTTER" – "YOU MADE A MISTAKE"
- PUBLIC SCANDAL: "GUILTY TO INTERRUPT"

TRC-01 1984

2 BRAVE NEW WORLD LIVE!



- WUDS: 'TEACHERS & CHEATERS' – 'PEACE BE WITH YOU'
- TRASH: 'TEENAGE ANGER'
- DEAD ENDS: 'COMPLAINTS'
- SEX MILITANTS: 'NO AEO TO EXALT'
- BETRAYED: 'IT WAS MEANT TO BE THIS WAY'
- ZOOT SUIT: 'ROCKABILLY BOOGIE'
- ETHNIC FACES: 'LOVE – WITHIN TRIBES'
- DEAD BEAT: 'REVOLUTIONARY ONLY DANCER'
- URBAN BANDITS: 'DOYOU REBEL' 'NAGPAPAPANSIN'
- PRIVATE STOCK: HAVE MORE
- EXCOMMUNICATE
- PUBLIC SCANDAL

TRC-02 1985

3 DEAD ENDS COMPLAINTS



SIDE I
- COMPLAINTS
- NO STOPPING US
- THIS WORLD
- RAGE
- DONT WANT NO WAR
- NIGHTMARE

SIDE II
- NEUROTIC TENDENCIES
- DREAMER
- LIES
- MORONS (LIKE YOU)
- THE USER
- HEDONIST

TRC-03 (DE1) 1985

4 INDEPENDENCE DAY
It's the URBAN BANDITS



SIDE I
- MODERN FISHBALLS
- NEVER
- BREAKING THE WALL
- MANILA GIRL
- NAGPAPAPANSIN
- HOY!

SIDE II
- NO FUTURE SA PADER
- BLOOD IN EVERY HEART
- I DONT LIKE YOUR SCHOOL
- WE DONT BELONG TO THE STARS
- MACHINE TO MARS
- DO YOU REBEL – REBEL

TRC-04 1985

5

WUDS

IN THE SERVICE OF THE SERVANTS OF GOVINDA



SIDE I
- STUPID PEOPLE
- MAN IN THE MIRROR
- TRAGGERS & CHEATERS
- SPEW BUT (UPPED)
- SA KATULAD MO
- PEACE BE WITH YOU

SIDE II
- PERA
- TARIMIK KINDI MAGULO
- MURDER
- JAIL
- ANG MGA BATA
- SANA KINDI MINSAN MO LANG AKONG TINGNAN

TRAITOR AND DEPRESSED.

TRC-05 1905

6

FATAL RESPONSE
Rescue Ladders & Human Barricade



- URBAN BANDITS: - 'N.O.W.' - 'BATTLE OF MENDIOLA'
- G.I. AND THE IDIOTS: 'BROKEN LINEAGE'
- 'A YES. IN SERVICE' - 'THE PLAGE'
- DEAD ENDS: 'DON'T DROP YOUR GUNS' - 'NEW LIFE'
- WUDS: 'PATAY-BUHAY' - 'INOSENTE LANG ANG NAGTATAKA'
- ZOOT SUIT: 'TAKE A LOOK AT THAT BOY' 'SUIT YOURSELF'
- 'MISS' 'FUCK OFF!'

TRC-06 1986

7

SECOND COMING



SIDE I
- SECOND COMING
- SORRY
- WON'T FOOL ME AGAIN
- NOTHING I CAN DO
- INSANITY
- NEW LIFE

SIDE II
- PROPAGANDA
- LAP DOGS
- WHISPERS
- VIXEN
- CITY
- GUNS
- NOISE BARRAGE

TRC-07 (DE2) 1986

8

BETRAYED



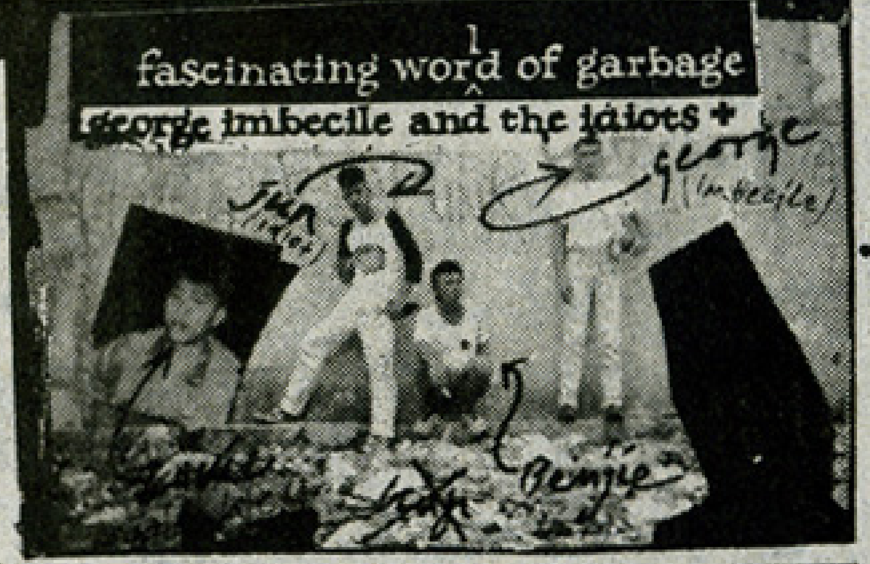
NOW...
- KIDS WILL UNITE
- CAUGHT IN THE CROSSFIRE
- URBAN ASSAULT
- HARDCORE RULES
- WHERE HAS LOVE GONE
- MILITARY RULE
- FIGHT! FIGHT!
- BETRAYED BY YOU

AND THEN...
- NEVER MEANT TO BE THIS WAY
- WHEN I MET YOU
- ROOTS REGGAE
- TO JAMMING
- LOVE SONG
- PUNK REIGNS

TRC-08 (1985)·1986

9

g.i.+the idiots



TRC-09 1986

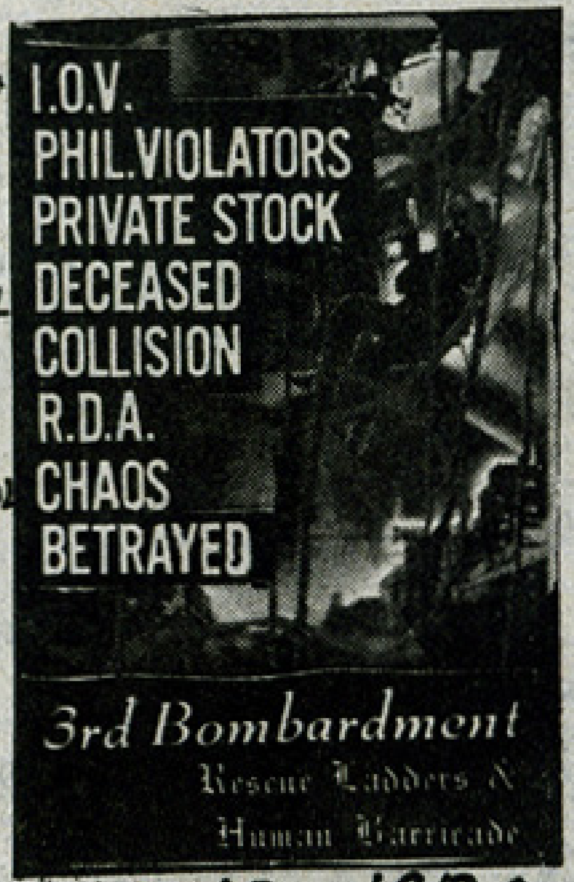
INSIDE -
- WE CAN'T GET ALONG
- THIS TIME FOR REAL
- BROKEN LINEAGE
- SCRATCH FOR BUDS TO EAT
- GARBAGE AGAIN
- BORN AGAINST
- DAMN YOU PEOPLE
- UNCIVILIZED

OUTSIDE -
- BURY YOURSELF
- BUY MY RIGHT
- CHARGED
- CUNTS FOR RENT
- WHERE ARE YOU GOING BOYS?
- NINE YEARS IN SERVICE
- THE FLAG
- QUESTION OF GROWING UP

10

3RD BOMBARDMENT
Rescue Ladders & Human Barricade

- VIOLATORS: 'FREEDOM' 'WHO NEEDS SOCIETY'
- PRIVATE STOCK: 'STRANGE BOY...' COLLISION: 'NICE LITTLE GIRL'
- I.O.V.: 'MY SONG' 'YANKEES'
- CHAOS: 'CULTURE SHOCK' - 'TOOLS & FOOLS'
- R.D.A.: - VIOLENT DISPERSAL - NUCLEAR
- DECEASED: ABANDONED YOUTH
- BETRAYED: - I AIN'T GONNA FIGHT FOR YOU - NEVER AGAIN
- PVT. STOCK: - 'HYPE'S COOL'



TRC-10 1986

11

Katrina's Live!
"Tamana Away!!!"



"PUTANGINANYOTAMANANGAWAY..."

RECORDED LIVE DURING KATRINAS LAST GIG - 18 JANUARY 1986 - FEATURING: BETRAYED, G.I.+THE IDIOTS, WUDS AND PRIVATE STOCK.

IN MEMORY OF ALLAN (SKINHEAD) WHO WAS SALVAGED LAST NOVEMBER 1986

TRC-11 1986

12

I.O.V.
ANOTHER DESTRUCTIVE CENTURY



SIDE I
- LEBANESE CHILD
- VAGRANCY
- IOV
- GORVACHEV ATTACK
- MY SONG
- GUILT
- SNAP ELECTION
- YANKEES
- STINKING BAD ATTITUDE

SIDE II
- ANOTHER DESTRUCTIVE CENT.
- DEMORALIZED IDEAS
- YOU
- SOCIAL CANCER
- DOING GOOD THINGS
- STOP BEING AN ASS
- TOTAL ANNIHILATION
- STATEMENTS

TRC-12 1987

THE ALTERNATIVE MUSIC FOR A BORED GENERATION

TRC OUTLETS!

- KHUMBMELA Boutique
  — Cartimar/Tandem (Recto) and SM City, North EDSA
- SHAMBHU Virra Mall, Greenhills
- APPLE PICKER
  — Harrison Plaza & Quezon Arcade Cubao
- ODYSSEY
  — SM City, EDSA; SM Cubao; Harrison Plaza; Shoppesville Greenhills
- ALEMARS Glorietta
- MUSIC NOOK Makati Cinema Square
- EUROROCK SHOP Makati Cinema Square
- CODE 2010 Shoppesville, Greenhills



CHECK ALSO TRC-IMPORTS • SEE PAGE 40 FOR TOP 44 TRC-I

WRITE TO US YOU FOOLS!! — DON'T MISS OUT ON THE FUN!

ALSO AVAILABLE;

(TRC STICKERS) - DK, MINOR THREAT, D.R.I. SEX PISTOLS, EXPLOITED, ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE, CIRCLE JERKS, U.K. SUBS, ETC. (TRC POSTERS) - GOD SAVE THE QUEEN, EXPLOITED, FATAL RESPONSE, JOY DIVISION AND SOME LIMITED ED.

COMING OUT SOON ON TRC TAPES

- DEAD ENDS "DAMNED NATION"
- PHIL. VIOLATORS "AT-LARGE"
- R.D.A. "BRAVE UNITED IN TRUST"



□ THE ALTERNATIVE MAINSTREAM

PROFILE: Xmal DEUTSCHLAND

Hamburg, West Germany, 1980. Five girls decide to make music which doesn't sound like girls. Originally classified as part of the *Neue Deutsche Welle*, alongside groups like Einsturzende Neubaten, DAF and Palais Schaumberg, they transcend this and stick to their immaculately powerful guns by releasing their first single, "Schwarze Welt", on a leading German indie label (. . . "the most savage sounding single of the year", writes ZigZag.) It is followed by the legendary "Incubus Succubus".

Wolfgang Ellerbrock replaces the bassist and is ironically described as "the token male". He lines up with Anja Huwe (vocals) Fiona Sangster (keyboards), Manuela Rickers (guitar) and Manuela Zwingmann (drums). Xmal Deutschland play their first London gig supporting the Cocteau Twins at The Venue in November '82. They reject the limitations of the German record labels and sign to 4AD. The debut album, "Fetisch", is an exhilarating offensive which harvests unanimous critical acclaim in April '83, and sets up camp in the Top Three of the independent charts . . . *"the creative class of this album, surrounded as it is in a veil of mystique, lifts it above categorisation" — NME. "The word is out. The word is Xmal" — Melody Maker.* "The effect is breathtaking" — By November '83 Xmal have closed a U.K. tour with a sell-out headline at The Venue, and a 12" version of the track "Qual" has topped the indie charts. A re-recorded "Incubus Succubus II" has also sold well. The mystery is biting . . .

The band withdraw to write and record the second album, "Tocsin". At this point Manuela Zwingmann leaves to live in London and Peter Bellendir take over on drums. In June '84 the subtle progression of the sweeping "Tocsin", produced by Mick Glossop, receives mixed reviews, but an extensive tour of Britain, Europe and America consolidates the group's status as something rather more special than just a "Goth Goddess" gimmick.



Xmal part company with 4AD and after another period of reassessment, release the stunning "Sequenz" EP on their own X-ile label, through Red Rhino Europe (single of the week in Sounds). Another U.K. tour radiates, then as the band tour Japan "Sequenz" is chased up our indie charts by the second re-release of "Incubus Succubus II". The dazzling light refuses to fade.

Having often described the unBritish mood of their music as "positive melancholy" or "sadness tinged with a real tint of hope", the uniquely strong, deceptively emotional and fatally glamorous Xmal Deutschland are now set to tour Britain again. A new single, sung in English and produced by Hugh Cornwell of The Stranglers, is released on X-ile Records, through Phonogram. It's called "Matador". This is where the fight *really* starts. Take a red carnation . . . .



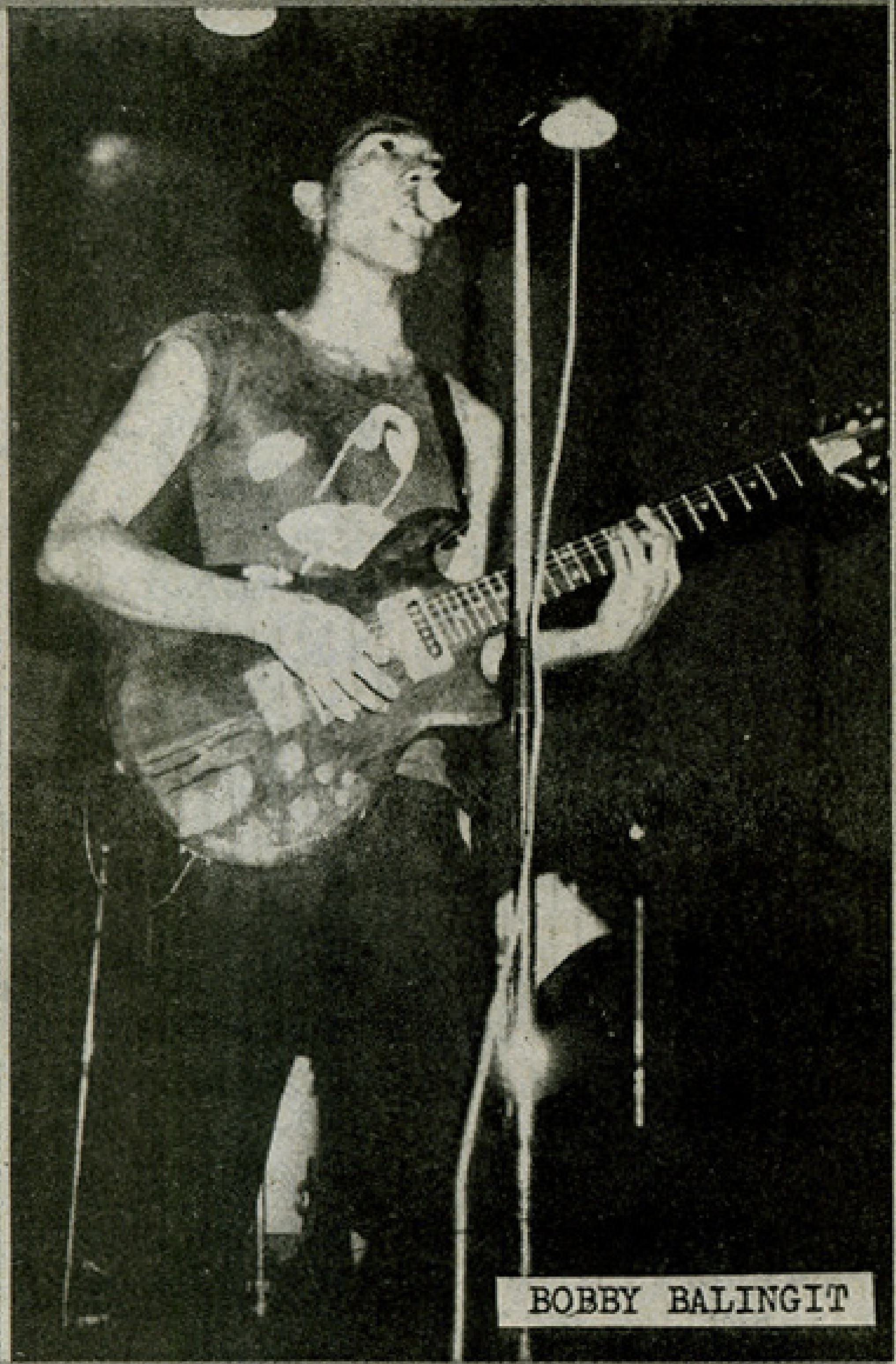
LETTERS, ARTICLES AND OTHER WRITTEN CONTRIBUTIONS SHOULD BE TYPEWRITTEN AND DOUBLE-SPACED. ILLUSTRATIONS SHOULD LIKEWISE BE DONE IN BLK INK ON A CLEAN WHITE PAPER. YOU'LL BE DOING US A FAVOR SO DON'T BE STUBBORN.

FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH



WUDS: OUR STORY

By: Alfred K. Guevara



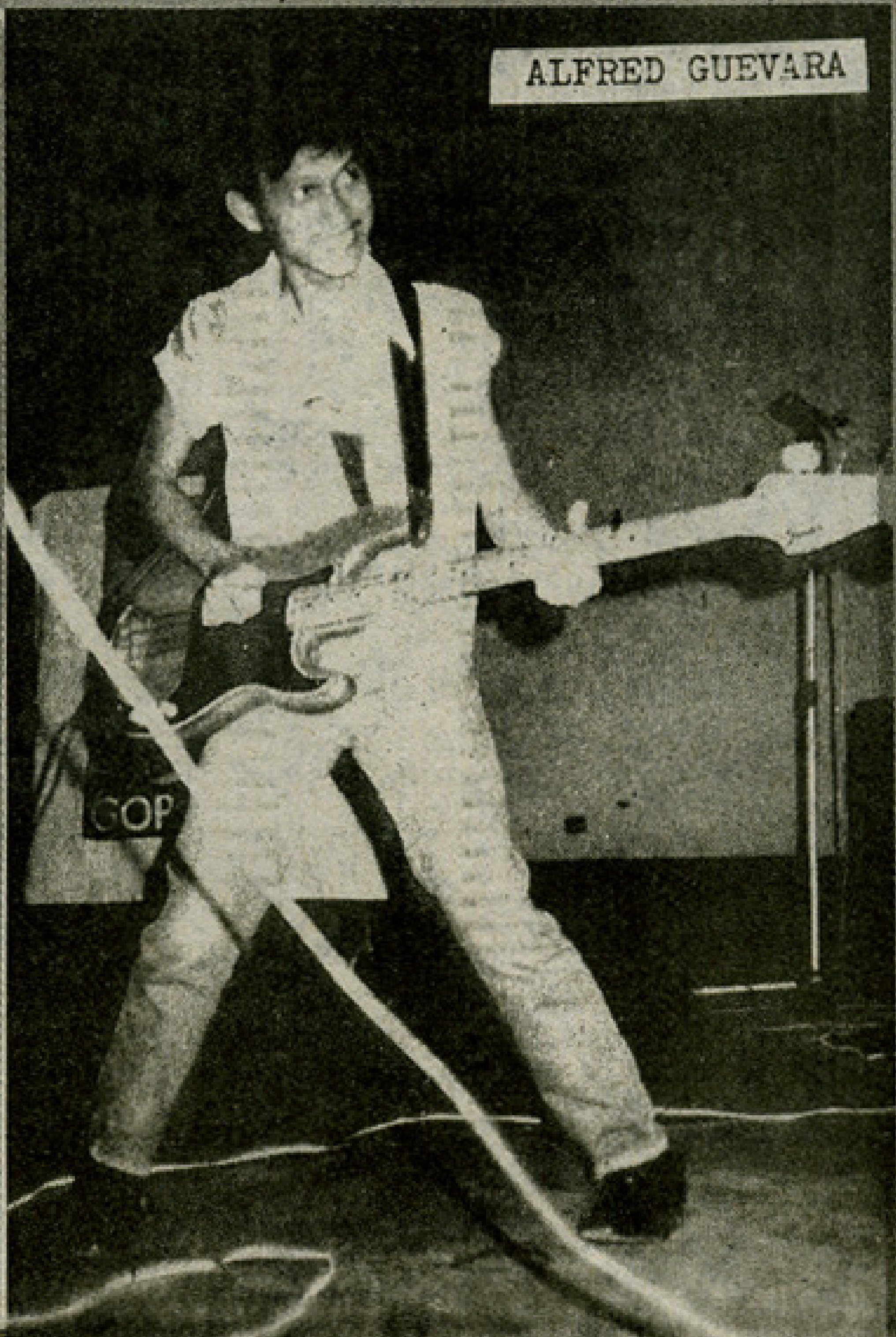
BOBBY BALINGIT

PHOTOS DODONG

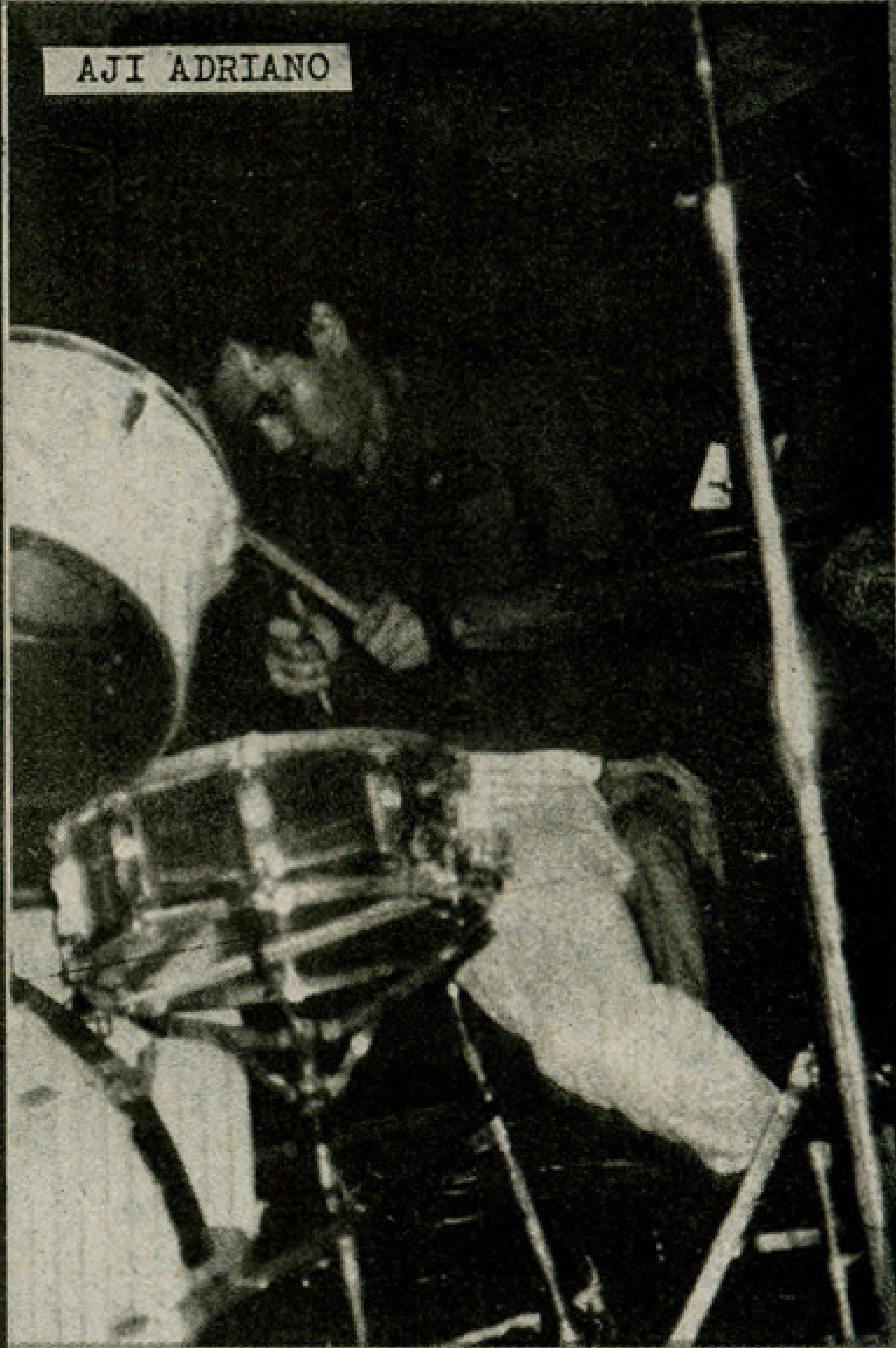
The first time we appeared on public as realist musicians was in February, 1983 in Lito Mayo's one-man art exhibit. The late Lito Mayo, an art professor at the Philippine Women's University, we believe, was one of the finest Filipino artists and printmakers in the land. It was my cousin, Robert Morrow and our friend, Jess Calixto who introduced us to Lito and suggested that we perform at his one-man art exhibit at the P.W.U. We were only three then – me, Bobby and Lhew – and we played original, realistic, Filipino Folk-Rock music using only acoustic guitars and voice-blendings as a medium in delivering the needs of the present age. There was no definite name for the band at the time we played (the art exhibit.) Until, a week before the show, Bob decided to name the band "Woods", which means "Forest", the land Mother Nature has given complete with all the living beings – from plant life to aquatic life, from insects to the four-legged beasts, to the two-legged beasts – the human beings, thus inhabiting, suffering and surviving in the place called the Woods.

As a folk-rock band, we've had so many gigs in different folk houses, town fiestas and many public-related affairs in Manila especially in schools, colleges and universities. One of the most significant gigs that we had played was the first *Neighborhood Concert* in Estrada, Singalong in May 27, 1983 which was made in honor of the "Feast of Holy Trinity". It was the band's first successful attempt to communicate and relate to people through "realistic music" their desire not only to entertain but also to provide a more realistic and spiritualistic outlook in life.

From then on, we saw a need to change our approach and medium in delivering realistic music. Such a necessity was brought about by the changing times, the needs of the present day and age and the inner craving deep within our troubled hearts, our confused minds, our twisted and assorted feelings and our exploited living. Thus, from folk-rock music, "transcendental punk rock music" was conceived by the band. Nevertheless, the shift in the medium of expression did not affect what we, as a band, would always want to impart to our audience – Reality not Fantasy, Peace not War, Love not Hatred, and Love for God not Love for Materialism.



ALFRED GUEVARA



AJI ADRIANO

It was in July 16, 1983 that we first jammed as a punk band at the Gemini Recording Studio. There were five of us in the band with me playing rhythm guitar and vocals, Lhew on lead guitar, Hate on bass, Aji on drums and Bobby on vocals. Bob, Lhew and I were neighborhood friends, while Aji was a distant friend from MIA and Hate from Tondo. Bobby conceived of giving the same name "Woods" for the band but spelled differently according to how it sounded in Tagalog. Thus, "Woods" spelled in Tagalog would be "W-U-D-S" – the same band spelled differently with the same goal but with a different music. This was the birth of the Wuds – coinciding with the Scottish term Wuds meaning "INSANE". Thus, Wuds as the band, represents the insanity of all living beings in this material world due to lust for material pleasures, exploitation, false ego, identity crisis and forgettability of our relationship with the "SUPREME FATHER AND FRIEND" – "GOD" – "GOVINDA".

The very first original songs we played as a punk band were: Cold As Hell, Stupid Poeple, The Law, Do They Care, Know The Way, Blockstop, Ripper Killer and Real Man. This was the very first set of original songs we recorded on a cassette which we brought to Dante David of DZRJ's Pinoy Rock for possible airplay. Then, the biggest break for us came one day in December, 1983. We got very surprised that day when friends heard over DZRJ that we were one of the new bands who would be playing in Part 6 of *Brave New World*. This was a

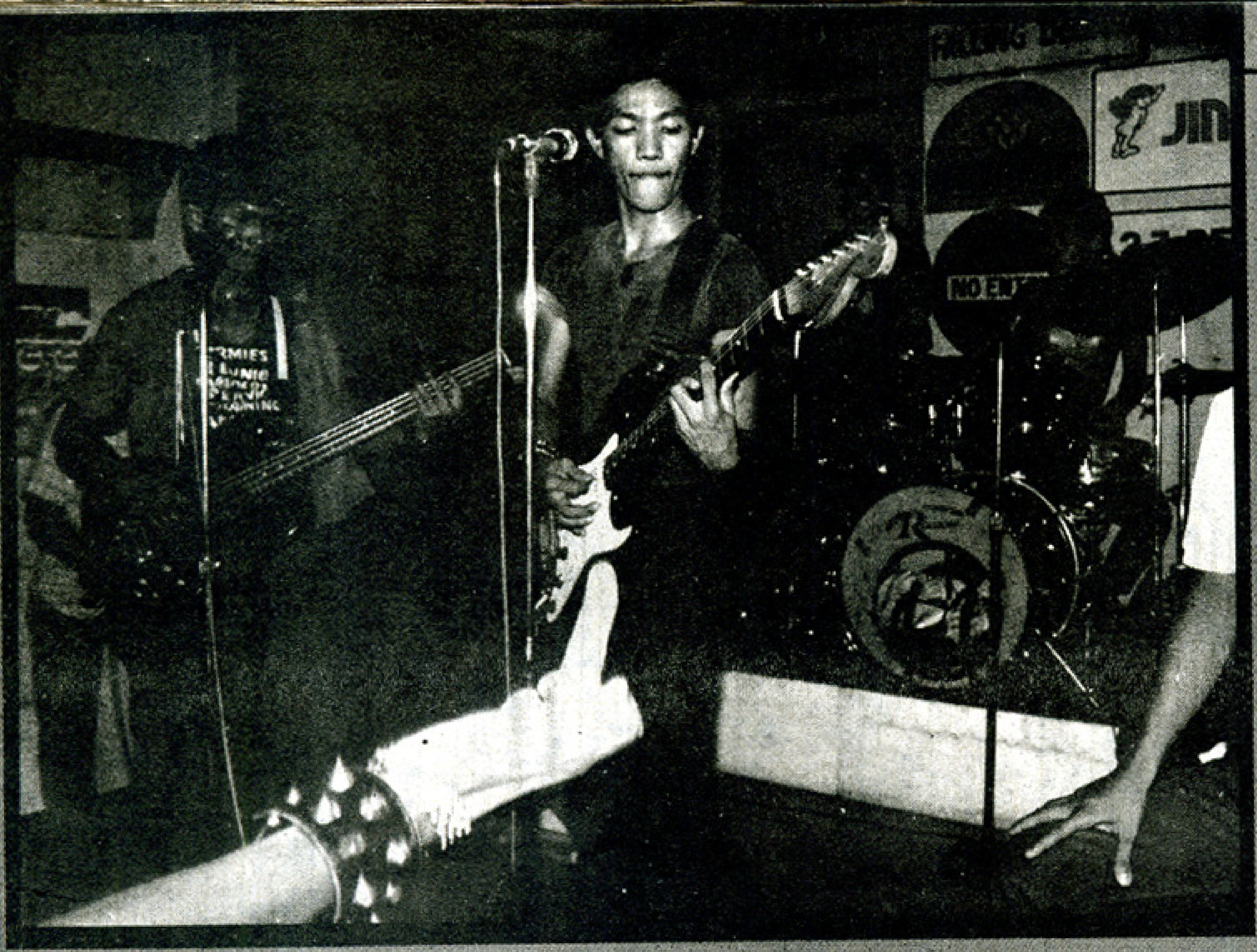


PHOTO DIDITS AT KATRINA'S

"shock" for a new local band like us to be heard by people. It was a "promise" as Bobby often said, a promise we never dreamed of being fulfilled.

As a band, we always desire to be established on our very own identity, integrity, and determination. We never wanted to act as "social parasites" sucking and enjoying others' blood for our own benefits. In short, we don't want to "exploit" and be "exploited", as others have already done. A lot of people were to fulfill and satisfy their fellowmen's own whims and selfish desires. Whoever they may be, they must realize that whatever you do out of selfishness and false notions will always come back to you. Whoever they may be, may God bless them all. Thus, it is a must that we moved underground and for this reason, the "Punk For Peace" movement was established. After Brave New World 6, in the same year, the second *Neighborhood Concert* entitled *Punk For Peace* was held in Estrada, Singalong on December 23, 1983. This concert was our second gig on public as a punk band. Other new bands like the Urban Bandits, Private Stock, Dead Beat, Sex Militants, Living Entity, 52 Busy Streets, Black Signals and Vex supported the concert.

When 1984 came, we went through different obstacles concerning the band's standing. Our bass player, Hate, had to go because he just couldn't cope up with music and life at the same time. Nevertheless, disbanding never came into our minds just because we lost our bass player. We tried various alternatives, until we decided that I'll play bass, with Bobby doing the rhythm. Thus, WUDS, became five minus one equals four.

It was also in 1984 that good fortune was coming our way. Another big break came for us when in March 28, we passed the audition of Channel 4's *Ito Yun Ang Galing's* Punk Band contest as one of the first contestants to be competing. We never desired of winning the contest because "playing live on television" was already "victory" for us. Nevertheless, we were fortunate enough to be adjudged as daily and weekly winners in the contest. After that, everything went wrong in that contest. We lost in the grand finals because of what we believe were "false judgment", "misconceptions", "false principles" and "exploitation". Anyway, it is to our credit that somehow we became a part of the whole "stage play" — make-believe" affair.

In the middle of June, 1984, Tomas Tanchanco, Twisted Red Cross's Producer, tapped us to record two songs in the first *"Rescue Ladders and Human Barricade"* cassette series. But a day before the recording session, unexpected problems came. Lhew, our lead guitarist went on vacation to the province because of some unavoidable circumstances. Lhew's presence was very much needed for the two songs to be recorded. We decided to record anyway with me doing Lhew's part in the song "No Excuses". All's well that ends well. "No Excuses" and "We" were recorded as our very first two songs to appear on a real record cassette. From then on, we carried on playing with only the three of us left in the band. With the three of us left, the band went through a lot of obstacles and difficulties. We felt, it was a blessing in disguise, though, for the changes that occurred were beneficial for the band's identity and stand. The first test was. "Brave New World Part 7" in June 30, 1984 where we played with only three members. We did not expect to bring out the best with one guitarist missing. But we believed we could make it and be more effective and realistic in delivering and imparting the "ABSOLUTE TRUTH" through music. What followed were successful concert engagements like: *Sound D' Alarm I* in August 25, *Crappy Halloween* in October 31, *The Shoemart Show* in November 4, *Neigborhood Concert III* entitled *Soldiers' Feast for Peace* in December 22 with Dead Ends supporting the show, *Spirit of Love* sponsored by Khumb Mela in December 15, *Dance Slam* in December 23, *Brave New World 8* in December 28, and GMA-7's Discorama in December 29. That was how it went in during the year "1984".

After 1984, came the formal launching of *Rescue Ladders and Human Barricade* in February 17, 1985 in Glorietta, Makati. It was in this year, 1985, that many miconceptions, miscommunications and misunderstandings concerning WUDS and the people around us occurred undesiringly. There were people around us who tried to offer us help concerning our future solo album. But, as unexpected situations and circumstances came, miscommunications, miconceptions and misunderstandings got underway that people mistook us for being unkind, insincere and unprofessional. Anyway, it is with sincerity that we always say "We are not guilty of any crime"!

In the middle of 1985, sometime during the month of May, Tomas Tanchanco offered us his much-needed help. He informed us that we would soon record our very first solo album via the Twisted Red Cross label. At this time, we were able to write and compose more original Tagalog and English songs. We rehearsed with the most of our time and sincerest efforts notwithstanding the scarsity of money and musical instruments. With only the use of two accoustic guitars and hearing and sometimes the support of friends like Dead Ends, we were able to come out with the very first twelve songs. We finished recording after more or less 24 hours of taping and dubbing within a two-week span. Thus, our first album called *ARMS TALK* — an acronym meaning "REUNION FOR MODERN-AGE SERVICE AND TRAINING IN ATTAINMENT OF LOVE AND KNOWLEDGE" was released. The cassette included songs like: "Stupid People", "Teachers and Cheaters", "Seen But Ignored", "Sa Katulad Mo", "Peace Be with You", "Pera", "Tahimik Hindi Magulo", "Murder", "Jail", "Man in the Mirror", "Ang Mga Bata and Sana Hindi Minsan." The album was really meant for the service of the servants of GOD — "GOVINDA". It was not an ordinary album for it is beyond the material dimension — it is beyond criticism for it deals with the "ABSOLUTE TRUTH" and the absolute truth is always right and true because the source of knowledge comes from the PERFECT ONE — "GOD". And to all critics who in some way or another tried to concoct from their own speculations and selfish whims what the album was all about, "May the Almighty One forgive you", *You just don't know what you are talking*

JUMP TO PAGE 38

THE "FASCINATING" WORLD OF g.i. + the idiots

by
MORON MILO

In October of 1984, a group of four young men from Navotas started a band called "Girls". They were all neophytes as far as music is concerned, all having had no experience in playing any musical instrument whatsoever. Their grim determination and ardent desire of being in a band made them carry on anyway. The band's line-up consisted of 18-year old George Cruz on bass, Benjie Sengson, 15, on lead guitar, Jojo Macaraeg, also 15, on drums and Mike Belza, age unknown on the screaming microphones. Their repertoire were originally composed of Oi music and mostly Sex Pistols stuff but they later switched to the more exciting and energetic hardcore sound.

After only three gigs, lead vocalist Mike left the band because of personal problems and his inability to sing hardcore songs. He was replaced by Jun Ortega whose entry to the band coincided with the rechristening of its name from "Girls" to "George Imbecile and Idiots".

From then on, G.I. and the Idiots began honing their chops by writing their own songs and playing more gigs along with more personnel changes and adjustments in between. In January of 1985, Edmund Araullo of Private Stock, who had long dreamed of playing hardcore music joined the band and took over the lead guitar chores from Benjie Sengson who was relegated to second lead. Edmund, however, quit the band a few months later when he became busy with his studies.

cont. →



With a line-up now composed of Jun, George, Benjie and Louie, the Idiots' first big break came in September 7 at Katrina's that same year. Al Dimalanta of Dead Ends insisted that they play a few numbers before the full house crowd. The band responded and so did the crowd, who went wild with delight at what they saw and heard. That paved the way for more performances at Katrina's as George Imbecile and the Idiots became more and more popular, er, rather notorious with the punks with every gig.

So notorious in fact, that Tommy Tanchanco of Twisted Red Cross asked them to record three of their originals to be included in the second compilation of the Rescue Ladders series, *Fatal Response*. Tanchanco was very much impressed with their tunes that he decided to produce their first album cassette, *Fascinating World Of Garbage* for TRC. Their future looks very promising.



PHOTO BY DIDITS AT KATRINAS - 1985

THE FLAG

THE PHILIPPINE FLAG, IS A DIRTY OLD RAG
AND THE FERDINAND'S A FAIRY
HE EATS LITTLE GIRLS, AND SUCKS LITTLE BOYS
AND HIS WIFE STILL HAS HER CHERRY.
THE MOTHERLAND'S STREAM, OF A WORST FILIPINO DREAM
IS AT THE HANDS OF GREEDY MACHINES
HE EXCHANGED LIBERTY FOR INFILTRATED DEMOCRACY
AND HIS HOUND DOGS STEAL THE SCENES.
TIME IS RUNNING OUT GIVE OURSELVES A PRETTY BOUT
DAMN' ASSHOLES OF EVERY MONTH
TAKE OFF THE PIN ON YOUR MOUTH, PUT IT ON THE
SPEAKER SO LOUD
NOT ANY TRIAL, NO BAIL ON YOUR CONDEMNED ACCOUNT
CHORUS → THE PHILIPPINE FLAG
IS A DIRTY OLD RAG
STRIPES OF RED, WHITE AND BLUE;
PUT THE ISLAND ON A STAINED GLUE
AND THE YELLOW COLOR DOMINATED
POOR LITTLE BROWN MEN, THE CHAIR IS TAKEN AWAY

THE MISSION

Sensationally crude

by Robin Graham



The Mission — rising out of the ashes of the marvellous Sisters Of Mercy and in just one year at least as successful as they had been after five — have just released their debut album, *God's Own Medicine*, and have scored their first British hit single.

God's Own Medicine is a good album; not a classic, but songs like *Sacrilege*, *Wasteland* and *Let Sleeping Dog Lie* are instantly memorable and surprisingly light on the pseudomystical Gothic breast-beating. Indeed, they harbor a knowing love of pomp and pretension (rather like the Cult, in fact, with whom they have toured recently), plus they have a custom-built star in the shape of vocalist Wayne Hussey; black hat, sunglasses, charisma and that daunting voice.

"To me, it *is* a classic album," he explains, "because it's so personal. The songs mean a lot to me. But I know what you mean, in terms of making a classic, seminal album — there are very few of them, anyway. It's like ... *Marquee Moon* by Television is a classic to me, and *Sergeant Pepper's*, the first Velvets album..."



The Mission will never be considered seminal though.

"That was never our intention," he replies defensively. "We know what we're good at. We know that we're not innovative enough, for a start — I just don't think we've got it in us. What we *are* good at is dealing with cliches, and making them seem absurd ... which is what we are, I think."

Are the Mission melodramatic?

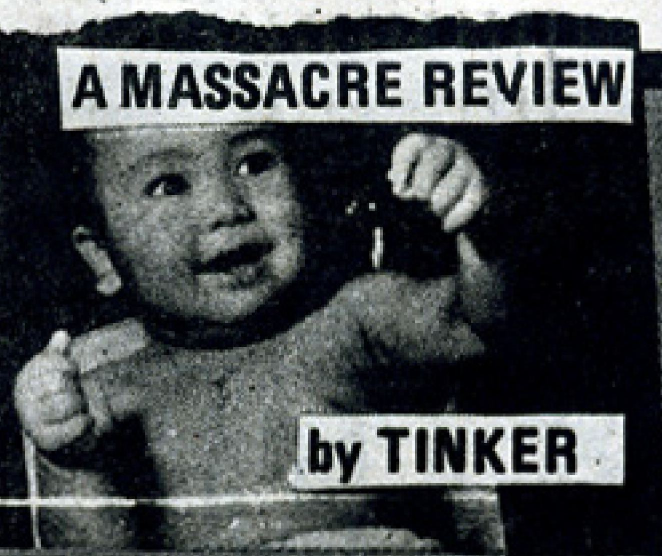
"Yeah," he beams proudly.

Looking up the word in my dictionary, I begin to read aloud: "a kind of romantic and sensational drama, crude, sentimental and conventional, with strict attention to poetic justice and happy endings."

"Yeah, that's great," he laughs, "that's us — sensational, sentimental and crude! See, the Mission aren't meant to be important. Of course, the Mission are important to us, but ... I'm not going to say 'Yeah, we're the greatest group in the world,' because I know full well that we're not. But, by the same token, I know we're a lot better than most other groups." □

ROCK EXPRESS (Canada)

ALL-TIME CLASSICS



Never Mind The Bollocks
SEX PISTOLS

A decade after its original release, *Never Mind The Bollocks* can still stun the shit out of your eardrums. "Anarchy In The UK" is fast becoming a cult anthem of sorts among punks and chongs alike, "God Save The Queen" became a military code name for an aborted coup attempt and battlecries like "Liar", "Bodies", "No Feelings" and "Problems" are still as timely and as paranoid as today's headlines. The U.K. Subs, the Anti-Nowhere League and the Newtown Neurotics, among others, are continuously reliving the so-called "Spirit of '77". This record was what that spirit was all about.

Wild In The Streets
CIRCLE JERKS

Recorded in '81, this is vintage hardcore by one of its original pioneers. Compared to more recent releases of newer (and more daring) outfits, this record can be considered as both conservative and accessible (by 1987 standards, anyway). The Circle Jerks were never really as intimidating and as seditious as say, the Dead Kennedys and the Suicidal Tendencies. *Wild In The Streets,* however, gets the job done and done well, too. For beginners.

Generation X
GENERATION X

Before Billy Idol became Billy Idol and Tony James became an SSS, they were part of a quartet called Generation X, whose music was either easy to like or easy to hate or both, depending on how you regard a sound that's a cross between mainstream and underground with metal overtones. They would've reached the legendary status of the Clash and the Pistols but their good looks got in the way and fans and foes gave them the Partridge Family treatment. Their debut recording though should be a lasting legacy to the movement they co-founded.

I Just Can't Stop It
THE ENGLISH BEAT

Along with the Specials and the other ska revivalists, the English Beat ended the 70's and opened the 80's with a feet-stomping bang. The rude boys and skinheads are already doing the ska long before the slam was a common sight in every punk club in town. And no other ska record captures the spell cast by such dance craze as *I Just Can't Stop It.* And with classics like "Mirror In The Bathroom", "Twist And Crawl" and "Ranking Full Stop", your feet can never go wrong with one of Two Tone's finest moments.

Damaged
BLACK FLAG

Black Flag is probably the most celebrated hardcore outfit in its few years of activity, and I guess this 1981 compilation of their earliest recordings is the best explanation for it. Agitators like "Rise Above", "TV Party", "Six Pack" and "Revenge" make up for a riveting and fun-filled less than an hour's listening pleasure. Recent recordings were not as good.

Punk's Not Dead
THE EXPLOITED

A classic in every sense of the word, the Exploited starring the irrepressible Wattie delivers first-rate Oi! music emphasizing more on voice and percussions rather than strings and distortions with unforgetable tunes like the provocative "Army Life", the hardcore-flavored title track and the sensational and anthemic "Sex And Violence". Call it a statement, a testimony or an assurance but whatever it is, it still works to this day. Punk's not dead. No, not yet.





AUDIOTATORS

BLACK MARKET REVIEWS

STRENGTH THRU Oi!

Strength Thru Oi! is one of a series of records of compilations on bands that churn out primarily Oi! music. And is presented for your further inebriation, titillation and emancipation by SOUNDS. What's great about this album is that it's also got some great Oi! poetry in between some of the songs. Brit social issues are tackled by Garry Johnson in his poem National Service. Johnson also takes a stab at the music industry on The New Face Of Rock & Roll. Here's one by Barney Rubble called Beans:

I like beans
I like souse
I like sexual intercourse.

sounds Oi 2

Short but straight to the point. There are a lot of bands featured on this record. The best among the lot being, 4 Skins ("1984" and "Sorry"), Cock Sparrer ("Taken For A Ride", "Running Riot"), The Last Resort ("Working Class Kids," "Johnny Barden"), "Running Away" by Criminal Class and "Skinhead" by The Strike. There are also cuts by Infa Riot, The Toy Dolls and Splodge. Ends with the hilarious, "Harbour-Mafia Mantra (An Acappella Delight)" by The Shaven Heads. Strength Thru Oi! is very good. I highly recommend it. Oi!

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL PRESENT

Maximum Rock N Roll presents twenty–three punk bands from every corner of the world. Except Asia. It doesn't really matter if the bands are from the U.S.A. or Yugoslavia. It doesn't even matter if the lyrics are from a dialect totally alien to the listener. Punk is punk and hardcore is hardcore. It's the energy of the playing and the urgency of the songs' delivery. This is an indispensable compilation if only because so many good bands are featured in it. Each band is given a song apiece and the ones that really turn in scorching performances include, Olho Seco (Brazil), Electric Deads (Denmark), Inferno (W. Germany), N.O.T.A. (U.S.A.), Icons Of Filth (England), Rattus (Finland, Raw Power, Bristles, Depression, B. G. K., Frites Modern, U.B.R., Mayhem, Red Tide, Moral Demplition, Huvudtvatt, Upright Citizens, and the Japanese punk band, The Stalin. This compilation is maximum rock n roll. You can't lose.

VERBAL ASSAULT

LEARN

This band really does live up to its name. Verbal Assault's hardcore sound is guaranteed to make anyone's senses reel in delightful confusion. This is tight wall of noise music going at about 180 mph. Add to a band that believes that loud is good for you, a vocalist who can scream and yell like a cornered crazed animal, and you've got one helluva hardcore band.

The songs on learn are really good too, though the one's that really cut to the bone are, "When I Think", "The Pain" and, of course, "The Price We Pay". Verbal Assault is a really noisy band and *LEARN* is a really noisy album. I like noise.



And THE BANSHEES

Recorded at the Royal Albert Hall sometime in 1983, Siouxsie & the Banshees shows the stuff that has made the band a favorite among the young crowd. Siouxsie has a beautiful voice and the Banshees provide the support that makes their music stand out among the rest. The band also has some really good material. Songs such as'Israel', 'Dear Prudence' and 'Cascade', are particularly impressive'. The music here is mostly slow–drag pop rock. Most of the songs on this recording however reflect a doom pop atmosphere and quite a few are even boringly slow. Live Vol. I reveals the darker side to Siouxsie & the Banshees music. Maybe Vol. II will reveal the happy, nuttier side of the band.

PuNK and diSORdeRLy

PUNK & DISORDERLY 2

Compilations, specially punk, oi!, and hardcore ones, are almost always a good buy. Punk & Disorderly 2, shows the current state of Brit punk. Punk never really died, it was just totally overwhelmed by hardcore. Bands such as, One Way System, The Clone, The Enemy sound so much alike. And female vocalists fronting punk bands such as, The Expelled, Action Pact and the Vice Squad almost border on pop/punk. Same goes for the doom pop outlook of The Dark. The Violators are simply a mainstream punk band. But the more disorderly of the bunch really turn in mind numbing music. G.B.H. with "Sick Boy", Abrasive Wheels, "Vicious Circle" and The Insane's, "El Salvador" are really fucking a–o.k. Other heavies include, Court Martial, Disorder and Channel 3. Fast and furious players all. Shit, I could go on and on. If you want to find out the current state of punk music, Punk & Disorderly 2 is a recommended sampler. No shit.

–didits

HARDCORE '87 UPDATE

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

VARIOUS ARTISTS
HARDCORE ALBUMS
Various labels

Reviews by Simon Reynolds

LIKE British punk, hardcore went away when it began to worry about" progression", when doubt crept in about the music's very strengths of economy/discipline/aggression. Those limits were also the cource of the music's power, and the attempts to expand the explode those limits only led to the return of the hippy things – "self-expression", "growth", fusion, conceptualism, muso-ship. take Black Flag, who began with the most economical of existensial stances – "my mind's a mess/ my body's a cage" – and rattled the bars. Now their abysmally prolific output includes LPs of instrumentals, spoken word albums and books.

"BLASTING CONCEPT 2" conveniently invites comparison with its predecessor. The tracks on the earlier SST sampler were like bolts of lightning through tired flesh; the new tracks, often by the same bands as before, suck me into their inertia. Most of this music is poor Black Sabbath, all slow tempos and migraine-morose, with pure H/M titles like "Mystery Girl" and "Death Ride". Only Meat Puppets' offering squirms out of this sonic straitjacket.

Greg Ginn, Black Flag's guitarist, has put together a "supergroup" (!) called GONE, and they're equally hung-up on the stop-start riffs and tempo twists of "War Pigs". "Let's Get Good and Gone" (SST), an instrumental LP, is perhaps the feeblest failed virtuosity, the deadest doddling I've ever suffered. The bassist strives to be Boosty Collins! but most of these tracks sound like the drawn-out death throes of a wounded animal.

Black Flag's Chuck Dukowski crops in SWA, whose "Sex Doctor" (SST) is straight metal only marginally uglier than Graham Bonnet. SACCHARINE TRUST, meanwhile, have "developed" from the taut vicious punk of their" Blasting Concept 1" track to a kind of . . . jazz-rock, all stunted improvissation and hippyish haiku-mystical "poetry". They recently released a live LP of spontaneous improvisation but their studio newie "We Became Snakes" might just as well have been made-up on the spot, too.

ZOOGZ RIFT's inspiration extends to the title of his album, "Island of Living Puke" (SST) but can't match the scope of his ambition to sound like Zappa, the Residents, Art Ensemble of Chicago . . . A farrago of mixing-desk mucking-about and puerile waaacky humour. .

But stasis' diminishing returns are no alternative to "progression" either. DIE KREUZEN weigh quaintly in with "October File" (Touch and Go), efficient hoarse spite, while NO ALLEGIANCE's "Mad" (Destiny) has burly riffs and a bleary, retched venom almost worthy of commendation.

WITH a few exceptions, like CREAM or THE DESCEDANTS, American hardcore seems to be either staid or a sorry sprawl of indulgence these days.

SIMON REYNOLDS

(Source: Melody Maker)

got a pen?

...then use it bozo! herald x needs a few more reinforcement to beef up its staff. send samples of what you can do(articles,reviews,jokes, puzzles,etc.)with a self-addressed stamped envelope and/or phone no. and maybe a short info about yourself to: herald x/p.o.box 2304,mla.

DECENT SLAMDANCING

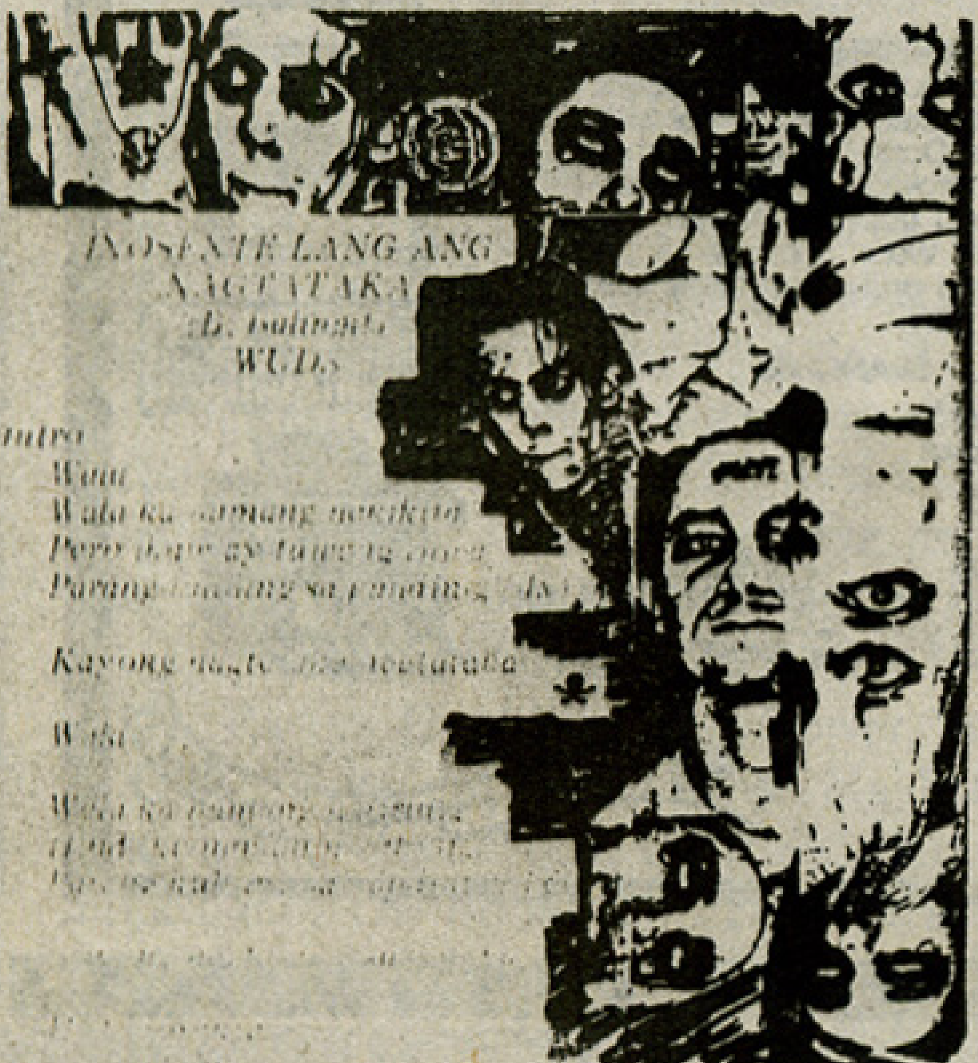




WUDS: OUR STORY - FROM PAGE 32

about and still you have the guts to write — to write unknowledgeably in a very known music magazine. You just don't have the right to criticize and write especially if your knowledge is imperfect, incomplete, impartial and very elementary. It is not our desire to mention names because it would be very unfair. What we are only after is to check that which is wrong and unjust and to impart to all readers what the "absolute truth" really is.

After finishing the recording, the dubbing and the mixing, we waited for its release and formal launching. What followed was the promotion of the cassette tape which would soon be sold at various outlets in Metro Manila. To its



promotion, we give credit to Katrina's and co., for our gigs in the place was very timely and beneficial for the release of the album. Thus, our gigs at Katrina's were for us some of our best. It was in December 20, 1985 that *arms. talk* was finally released and launched. After everyone have heard the tape, only two things will be its results; first, either they will understand it and appreciate it or they may not understand it and reject it. After *ARMS TALK's* formal launching, we promoted the album with Tomas Tanchanco's help in television shows like the *Big, Big Show* and *Eat Bulaga.* Promotions in such T.V. shows were a bit disgusting for many people seem disgusted about music.

The year 1986 was not a busy year for the band for there were a few concert engagements, and most of them were quite horrible and ineffective. Nevertheless, the only thing that was beneficial for the band this year was the recording of our two new songs entitled "Patay-Buhay" and "Inosente Lang Ang Nagtataka" for the second series of *Rescue Ladders and Human Barricade* entitled *Fatal Response* again under the Twisted Red Cross label last February. Today, WUDS is planning and working for a second solo album. If good fortune permits, we will be able to come out with new sets of original, modern, above-matter songs for the second album which will be entitled "Anger and Mercy — (Bless the Hypocrites)".

IF YOU HAVE A GROUP OR A BAND AND YOU THINK IT IS WORTH APPEARING ON HX, SEND US A PICTURE IN BLACK & WHITE AND /OR YOUR DEMO TAPE IF YOU HAVE ANY TO: HERALD X, BOX 2304, MLA

why is siouxsie standing here with a SNAKE coiled round her?

—Because we made her...

Oh no. No *really* I'd rather not...er. I don't mind them — I can *touch* them — but, well, that's another thing ..."

Oh dear. Siouxsie Sioux — the woman who practically invented grizzly 'n' spookified Gothic music — is cowering wide-eyed in a corner. *Ver Hits* thought she might like to visit London Zoo and have her photograph taken wearing a five foot boa-constrictor for a lark. *Ver Hits* was much mistaken.

"Oooooh. . . ," she squirms, viewing the snake coiled lovingly round its keeper's arms. "It's just that I saw this programme once where the handler was bitten *right* in the arm!" she grimbles, clutching her arm.

"Oh *go on*," pipes her drummer Budgie, patting the snake. "I've held them before; it's alright really."

"I don't think *I* would . . ." sniffles her well suspicious "bass" player Steve Severin.

The keeper, however, is a patient man. "There's absolutely nothing to be frightened of — they don't attack unless provoked and this one's *very* used to being handled blah blah. . ."

For the next half an hour Siouxsie probes the keeper with such questions as "Do they asphixiate their prey? (i.e. squash the living breath out of them — answer "Yes"). "Do they recognise people? (answer: "No"). "Would it wrap itself around my neck?" (answer: "Maybe"). Is it true there's an anaconda in South America that's 75 feet long who murders people? (answer: "I doubt it"). Aren't snakes very temperamental?" (answer: "Yes"). In other words, Siouxsie Sioux is *not* being entirely convinced of her safety. BUT! in a moment of weakness she relents and suddenly . . . swirl! . . . the snake is coiled slowly round her extremely thin arms.

Oooooh my *God* it's heavy," she cheeps and looks a mile perplexed. A few photographs are hastily "snapped" and the dreadful reptile is whisked away.

"I can *still* feel it," she shivers five minutes later on the way out from the reptile house. "It's sort of . . . continually *undulating* on my arms. It was just the heaviness that surprised me about it because I already knew they were warm and dry, but . . . ooooh you could feel every muscle in its body sort of waving along. Strange. I'm glad I did it though!"

That's alright then. For the moment, we're off to the aquarium because Siouxsie rather wants to have her photograph taken with some fish.

"It's strange the way people have these irrational fears, isn't it?" she ponders on the way. "A lot of people are scared of rats and things but they don't bother me at *all* — I can quite happily hold them. *And* frogs. Oh yes, if there was a frog indoors (?) I could quite happily catch hold of it and take it outside *no* problem. And I've just gotten over being able to remove spiders from the bath. I still can't do it with my hands though — I get a long glass because before I used to use an envelope and they could always crawl up your arm, but with a long glass you can just scoop it up! I suppose I've got a lot of unreasonable fears really . . ."

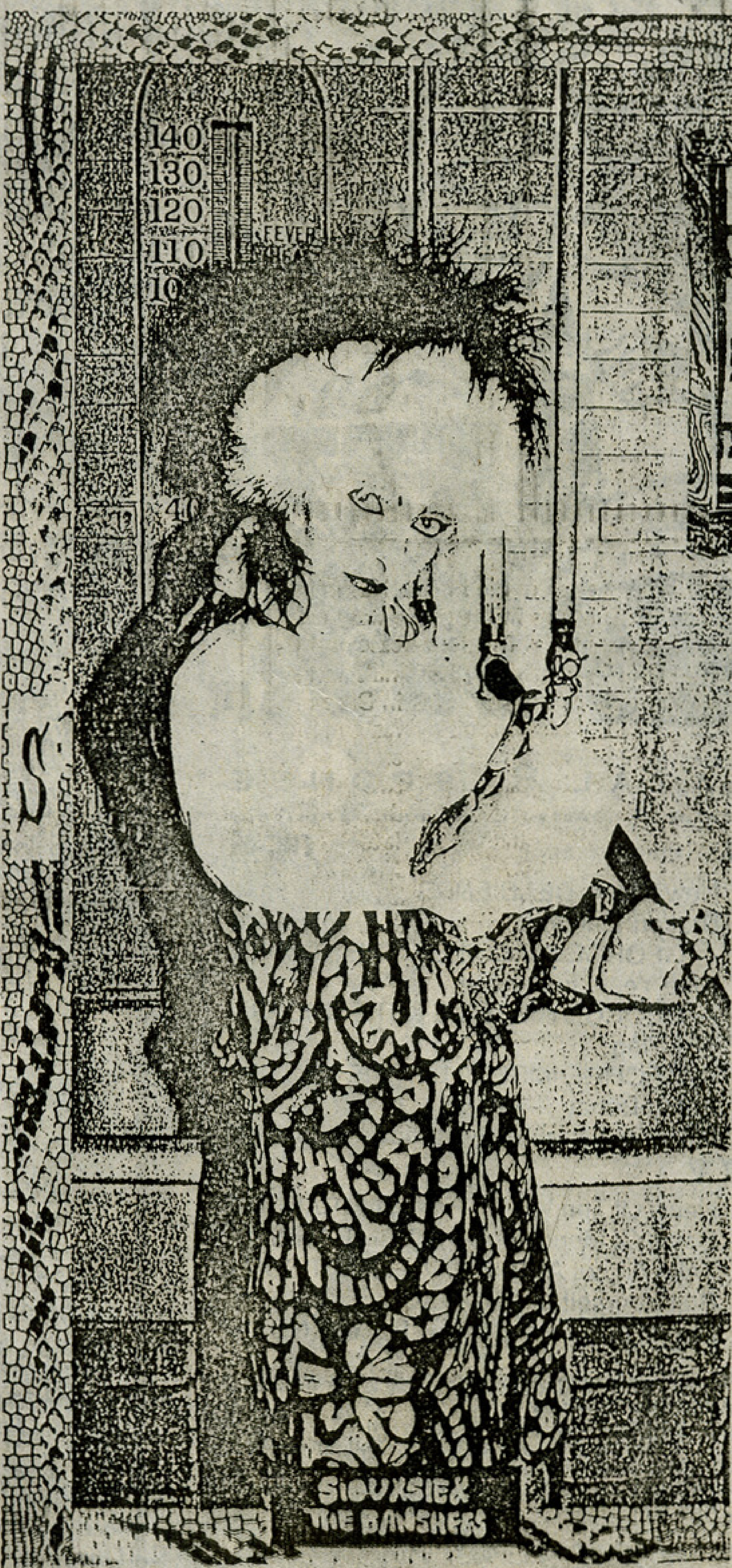
The aquarium looms and Siouxsie is nigh ecstatic, slinking from glass case to glass case husking, "Ooooh there's some great colours in *here*" and peering inches away from the tropical shimmersome fish who ignore her completely.

"I wonder if they've got any of those fish with the huge flat bit coming out of their faces like platypuses . . . they're great. I wonder if there's any seahorses . . ." etc., etc. But wait! What of the famed Gregory — Siouxsie's very own sponsored London Zoo peccary?

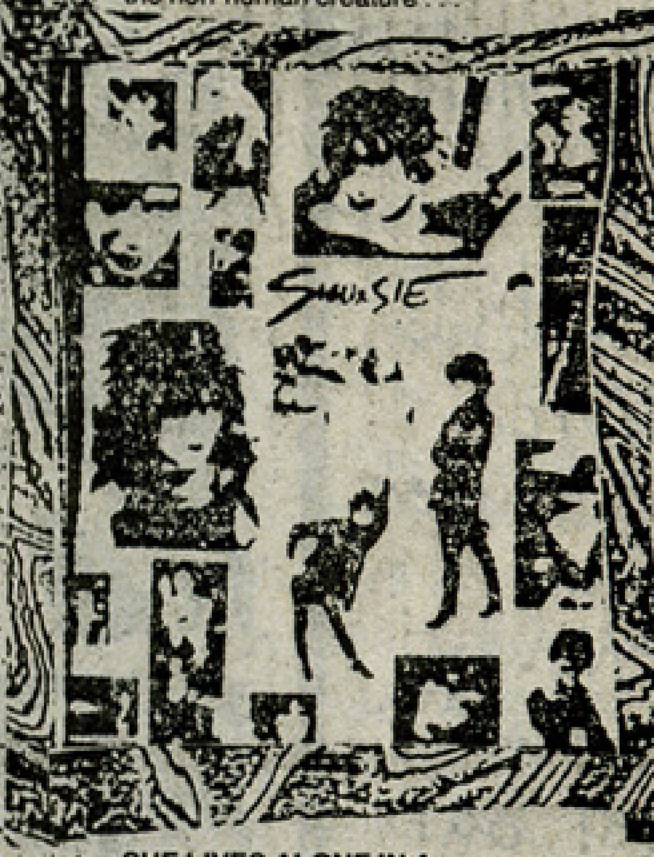
"Oh, he's gone to Whipsnade now — he was a bit bad tempered and nobody liked him. But we've got Amy now, she's our sponsored armadillo. When we came down to sponsor her we got to stroke her under-belly — it was brilliant!"

Oooer. Unfortunately, Amy and her chums have been whipped out of the public eye because it's a mite chilly i.e. 468° below freezing (or thereabouts). In fact there aren't many animals a-frolicking in the zoo today at *all*; three penguins and two seals to be precise.

"Aw, *look* at the penguins!" squawks Siouxsie, espying them perched on a stone ledge gazing at the ice-bergs in their "pond" with glee. "Oh you must get a picture of me with them! *Aw* . . . they should make a chute for them, shouldn't they? Just imagine them . . . 'Yeeaaaahh!' (mimes flinging herself down a chute as if she was a penguin). Aw they look like they're frozen in that position . . . *Aw* . . ." etc., etc., for quite a bit longer.



Trudging over the icy wastes of the Zoo we decide we're going to die of hypothermia in a jiffy and thus retire to a cosy office where Siouxsie reveals that as *well* as being pop music creates lover of the non-human creature . . .



SHE LIVES ALONE IN A GOTHIC FLAT IN LONDON!

"It's a basement flat in West Kensington and it's gothic alright! It's got its cold patches I can tell you — all wooden floorboards. I only go there for sanctuary — to be *alone*. It's mostly white and red and black with arms coming out of the walls holding candles. (?) Well, if you're going to do a place yourself you might as well get what you want! A friend of mine made a plaster-cast of his friend's arm and just made loads of them — so I stuck them to my corridor walls. It looks wonderful. A few of them have fallen off since though."

THEY'VE DONE A COVER VERSION OF AN ANCIENT HIPPIE SONG! (Bob Dylan's "This Wheel's On Fire")

Steve (who has now sealed himself down too): "It's not an ancient hippie song! It doesn't sound anything *like* an ancient hippie song. We can't tell you what the other cover versions on the new album are either" (looks huffed).

Siouxsie: "We want it to be a surprise for the people who are going to buy it. People will think doing covers is a cop-out, of course, but then they usually think that no matter *what* we do anyway. We've always wanted to do this since 'Dear Prudence' so now we are. We're just doing what we like — like we've always done."

SHE'S NOT BOTHERED ABOUT BEING "OLD"!

"I'm 30 years old at the end of May and it doesn't bother me in the least because I can look at an 18 year old and they look and behave like they're *45* years old. Er . . . you know, a good wine is a good wine and some get better as they get older and some turn to vinegar. I certainly don't feel like a bottle of vinegar. It's only when people ask me what I feel that I think about it and it's quite hard to answer really. I don't feel that different from when I was 18. I don't *think* so anyway."

Steve: (extremely sarcastically) "The thing is, when you get to our age you tend to lose your memory."

Siouxsie: "Ha ha ha! Well, I mean, all these people keep saying 'Ooooh you've been going *10 years*' gasp horror and all that and, well, there's *alot* of people have carried on well past 10 years, perhaps not in the same guise or in the same band, but they're still around. It just doesn't occur to me or worry me — why should it?"

THEY RECKON THEY'RE VERY SOPHISTICATED!

"We were never unsophisticated. When we started we were the most glamorous group around. In fact, we always were and still are *bemused* by being called a punk rock group. We started out in the first place because we didn't want to be a *rock* group or a *blues* group or a *punk* group or a *reggae* group — we hated those brackets that people got lumped into. It's pretty ironic that we went down in history as one of the first punk rock groups. Do we think we invented *Gothic* music? Nonsense!"

Steve: "Pthtpththph! That's just the people who look at the pictures who think that, isn't it? If we ever *did* want to influence people it would be to go out and do something in exactly the same way as we did. Not by doing *what* we did but by doing something completely different — doing what *they* wanted. Being *selfish*."

THEY'VE JUST SPONSORED A MEER CAT THIS SECOND!

Budgie (sidling his head round the door): "Does anyone fancy sponsoring a Meer Cat?"

Siouxsie: "Yeah! Yeah! Yeah! And I'll look after the kittens!"

Budgie: "It's only got a few sponsors you see. It's Abyssinian!"

Siouxsie: "Aw! Can you get some pictures! Are they the ones that are sort of . . ." (mimes being an Abyssinian Meer Cat i.e. holds her hands up like a begging dog and jolts her head from side to side).

Budgie: "Yeah — like a possum!" (and zwings off to sign the sponsor form).

Siouxsie: They come out of the ground and look around like that (mimes being an Abyssinian Meer Cat again). They're *brilliant*. I've always wanted to sponsor a Tasmanian Devil actually (murderously vicious dog-like thingie with massive teeth) — maybe that's next! As long as they don't have too many sponsors already — we try to sponsor the ones who don't have many, the unloved ones."

WHEN THEY GO ON HOLIDAY THEY GO TO FUNERALS!

"We've only had two holidays in the past 10 years. *Real* holidays, as in no work. One was in Bali, which was fab, and the other was the Canary Islands which was . . . *comme ci comme ca* (French for 'not much cop'). I went to the Canaries mainly to repair my leg after I broke it last year and . . . it wasn't even that warm! Overcast most of the time — not what I expected at all. But Bali was *brilliant*. I went to a brilliant traditional funeral there — wonderful. They're Hindus in Bali you see, and depending on how wealthy or respected you are (*i.e. were*, haw not-very-haw) you're put inside this giant bull — a straw bull. And it's taken through the streets and loads of flowers and gifts and things are put on it and everyone's dancing and singing and there's loads of music. And finally they get to this one spot and turn the bull around and around and around to disorientate the evil spirits and burn the bull so the person's soul can go up to the sky. Brilliant!

"I saw my first shooting star there too — just looked up and there it was trailing along with its beautiful long tail. Ah . . . definitely one of the best places I've ever been to."



SHE'S A SPOOK-PERSON!

"Yeahhhahargh!" (lunges forward bearing her teeth and pretending to have claws — this is actually extremely creepy). "I *am*! Ha! ha! Well, if people want to think of me in that way it's preferable to them saying 'What a boring old bitch'. You know, I think that's why I started thinking Prince is so brilliant. He was getting so much stagging for being anti-social and weird and kooky that I thought that he must be alright. Even if it's totally unfounded it's great that he can create that doubt. *Really* I couldn't care less what people think about *me* one way or the other — I'd much rather they were out there just having fun."

■ Interview: Sylvia Patterson

T.R.C. I-MPORTS

1. XMAL DUTCHLAND VIVA
2. Dirty Rotten Imb. L.A.
3. Max RocknRoll Presents
4. Exploited "TROOPS"
5. Punk & Disorderly III
6. The CLASH (uk version)
7. Sid & Nancy
8. Dead K. Frankenchrist"
9. Exploited "Live"
10. Punk & Disorderly I
11. Uniform Choice
12. Siouxsie & The Banshees (The Singles)
13. Sex Pistols "Never Mind The Bollocks"
14. Minor Threat "out of Step"
15. Fra lippo lippi "Songs"
16. New Order "Brotherhood"
17. Let Them Eat Jelly Beans"
18. T.S.O.L. CHANGE
19. Gene loves Jezebel "DISCOVER"
20. STIFF LITTLE FINGERS "HANX"
21. XMAL D. "FETISH"
22. Original Pistols Live
23. Joy Division "Unknown Pleasure"
24. Million Dead Cops
25. Public Image LTD "LIVE"
26. Gene loves Jezebel "Immigrant"



FATAL RESPONSE

Rescue Ladders & Human Barricade

TRC-06

1. New Life — DEAD ENDS
2. Broken Lineage — GEORGE IMBECILE & THE IDIOTS
3. Nine Years In Service — GEORGE IMBECILE & THE IDIOTS
4. The Flag — GEORGE IMBECILE & THE IDIOTS
5. Patay-Buhay — WUDS
6. Inosente Lang Ang Nagtataka — WUDS

1. News Of The World — URBAN BANDITS
2. Battle Of Mendiola — URBAN BANDITS
3. Take A Loot At That Boy — ZOOT SUIT
4. Suit Yourself — ZOOT SUIT
5. Don't Drop Your Guns — DEAD ENDS

ALL SONGS WERE ORIGINALLY MADE, COMPOSED, WRITTEN AND ARRANGED BY THE BANDS.

- DEAD ENDS — Al (v, g); Jay (b); Rowen (d)
- G.I. & The IDIOTS — Louie (d); Jun (v); George (b); Benjie (g)
- WUDS — Alfred (v, b); Bobby (v, g); Ajie (d)
- URBAN BANDITS — Arnold (v); Rogel (d); Fur (g); Dondi (b)
- ZOOT SUIT — Reiner (v, g); Ross (d); Nilo (sx); Leo (b)

"Fatal Response" (TRC-06) is Part 2 of Rescue Ladders & Human Barricade Series.

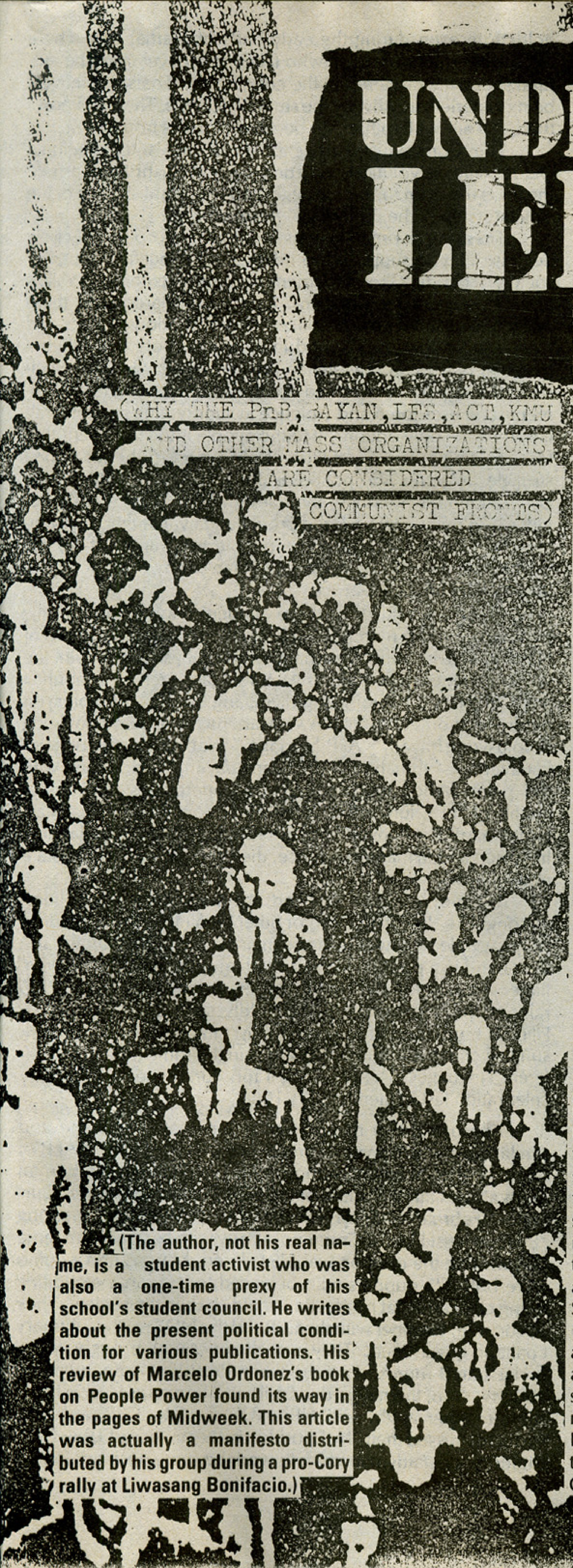
"TOP 49"

27. Minor Threat "7" singles"
28. FRA LIPPO LIPPI "in silence"
29. Agnostic Front "Cause For Alarm"
30. Circle Jerks "Group Sex"
31. Wolf Gang Press
32. Oi The Album
33. New Order "Low Life"
34. U.K. Subs "LIVE"
35. Exploited "Horror"
36. Chronic Generation
37. Siouxsie "LIVE I"
38. Cure "Porno"
39. Descendents "Enjoy"
40. "Black Market" "CLASH"
41. Siouxsie "LIVE II"
42. Discharge "see Nothing Hear Nothing"
43. Modern English "STOP START"
44. Joy Division "CLOSER"
45. New Order "Movement"
46. Cockney Rejects "Unheard Rejects"
47. Modern Eng. "After The Snow"
48. UK Subs "Recorded"
49. Verbal Assault "LEARN"

UNDERCOVER LEFTISTS

by BONG LLAMANZARES

(WHY THE PnB, BAYAN, LFS, ACT, KMU AND OTHER MASS ORGANIZATIONS ARE CONSIDERED COMMUNIST FRONTS)



(The author, not his real name, is a student activist who was also a one-time prexy of his school's student council. He writes about the present political condition for various publications. His review of Marcelo Ordonez's book on People Power found its way in the pages of Midweek. This article was actually a manifesto distributed by his group during a pro-Cory rally at Liwasang Bonifacio.)

Just recently, cause-oriented and militant mass organizations were tagged as communist fronts. These organizations, among others, are the Partido ng Bayan (PnB), Bagong Alyansang Makabayan (BAYAN), League of Filipino Students (IFS), Alliance of Concerned Teachers (ACT), Kilusang Mayo Uno (KMU), Alliance of Health Workers (AHW), Society of Professionals for the Advancement of Democracy (SPADE), General Assembly Binding Women for Reforms, Integrity, Equality, Leadership and Action (GABRIELA) and Christians for the Realization of Sovereign Society (CROSS).

Of course, the accused organizations just shrugged off the accusations, dismissing such as mere "communist hysteria," "red scare tactics," "witch-hunting," "McCarthysm, " etc.

It is interesting to note that most, if not all, of these organizations and individuals who are accused of being communists or communist fronts always react in the same manner as those who recently confessed to be so. Take for example the cases of Jose Ma. Sison, Nilo Tayag and the Kabataang Makabayan (KM).

Jose Ma. Sison never admitted being the founder and chairman of the revitalized Communist Party of the Philippines (CPP) during his court hearings. Even before the Agrava Board, he denied being the CPP leader by telling them that he is a mere political science and history student. Later on after President Cory Aquino released him and other political detainees, he self-confessed being the founding chairman of the pro-Peking CPP. Lately, he denied allegations that he re-assumed the CPP chairmanship. He has been in lecture-series tours in Australia and Japan, believed to be soliciting financial support from the Communist Parties of said countries and from the Communist Party of the Soviet Union (CPSU) for the CPP/NPA arms build-up.

While Nilo Tayag, former national chairman of the KM, pleaded guilty of having committed subversion and insurrection against the Marcos regime when he was being tried, he, however, denied military allegation that he was then a high ranking officer of the CPP Central Committee. After serving eleven (11) years of imprisonment, he admitted before a youth and students assembly in Baguio City in 1985 that he was indeed the first Secretary-General of the CPP when he was caught. Presently, Tayag is the chief ideologue behind the Filipino Democratic Movement struggling for genuine national liberation and the Secretary-General of the newly organized anti-imperialist, anti-communist, pro-Filipino Bagong Alyansa ng Nagkakaisang Sambayanan (BANSA).

When KM was at its hey days in 1970, it was always accused as the youth arm of the CPP. The KM denied such an allegation even though its activists and cadres were already shouting "Dante for President," "Rebolusyon," "Digmaan, digmaan, digmaang bayan," etc. When Martial Law was declared, KM became an active underground youth organization under the National Democratic Front (NDF) and now boasts as the CPP youth arm.

☞

But why are the PnB, BAYAN, LFS, KMU, ACT and others are considered as communist fronts? A critical analysis of the ideological, political and organizational lines of these mass organizations confirm their linkages with the underground communist movement.

The CPP's ideological line is the Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tse Tung Thought, using all communist-written and published books as its reading materials and references. The CPP regards the present state as reactionary in nature and the only way to change it is to totally destroy it and from its ashes, a new state shall be built. This shall be done through a revolution of national and democratic orientation with class struggle and protracted people's war as its tools. The strategy of the people's war calls for total mobilization of the people for armed struggle, open mass struggle, rural and urban uprisings and other forms of legal and illegal means to destroy the state and all its apparatus.

In the course of discussing the role of various motive forces of the National Democratic Revolution (NDR), it has been made clear by the CPP that the three (3) magic weapons are the CPP, the NPA and the NDF. The CPP acts as the brain; the NPA, the arms and the NDF, the shield. The united front, the NDF, is composed of underground mass organizations which adhered to armed struggle as the main form of struggle in toppling the government. Some of these underground mass organizations, as published in the NDF's LIBERATION dated September 1986, are the Katipunan ng mga Samahang Manggagawa (KASAMA), Pambansang Kaisahan ng mga Magbubukid (PKM), Kabataang Makabayan (KM), Makabayang Kilusan ng Bagong Kababaihan (MAKIBAKA), Christians for National Liberation (CNL), Katipunan ng Gurong Makabayan (KAGUMA), Malayang Samahan Pangkalusugan (MASAPA) and others. These organizations have their counterpart legal and open mass organizations like the KMU, KMP, LFS, GABRIELA, CROSS, ACT. AHW, etc.

While it is true that these legal and open mass organizations, except for some, do not mention explicitly Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tse Tung Thought as their ideology unlike their counterpart organizations in the underground movement, their actions and activities, however, manifest so. They follow the same ideological line, political standpoint and viewpoint and programme of action of the CPP/NPA.

Lectures conducted by these legal and open mass organizations in their basic/general mass course (BMC/GMC) deal on Marxist concept of class analysis, class struggle, dialectical materialism, historical materialism, etc. Student activists belonging to the LFS and its front organizations like the Student Christian Movement (SCM), Samahan ng Makabayang Kababaihang Nagkakaisa (SAMAKANA), Kabataan para sa Demokrasya at Nasyonalismo (KADENA), Kamalayan and others use as standard reading materials books like Struggle for Nationalism and Democracy by Jose Ma. Sison; Philippine Society and Revolution by Amado Guerrero; Lenin on State and Revolution; Lenin on Imperialism: the highest stage of Capitalism; Lenin on What's to be Done; Mao Tse Tung's Little Red Book; Mao on Contradictions; Mao's Five Golden Rays and numerous pamphlets and primers published by the CPP. They get regular issues of the NDF's official publications LIBERATION and TALIBA, The KM's KALAYAAN, the CPP's ANG BAYAN and even NPA's PULANG BANDILA.

Selected activists belonging to these national democratic (NATDEM) mass organizations are awarded exposure trip to guerrilla war zones where NPA operates. Surely, the NPA leadership is playing up on the students' petty-bourgeoisieness and their weakness of romanticizing the rebel movement. This holds true even during the early parts of Martial Law where there were student leaders who failed to recover from the cultural shock they suffered in the countryside. The same thing is being experienced now by the student activists. The CPP knows this but it allows it to happen because it profits from it.

The Communist Party's political line is the National Democratic Revolution. Seizure of power through armed means is the main form of struggle and the establishment of the "Dictatorship of the Proletariat" the main goal.

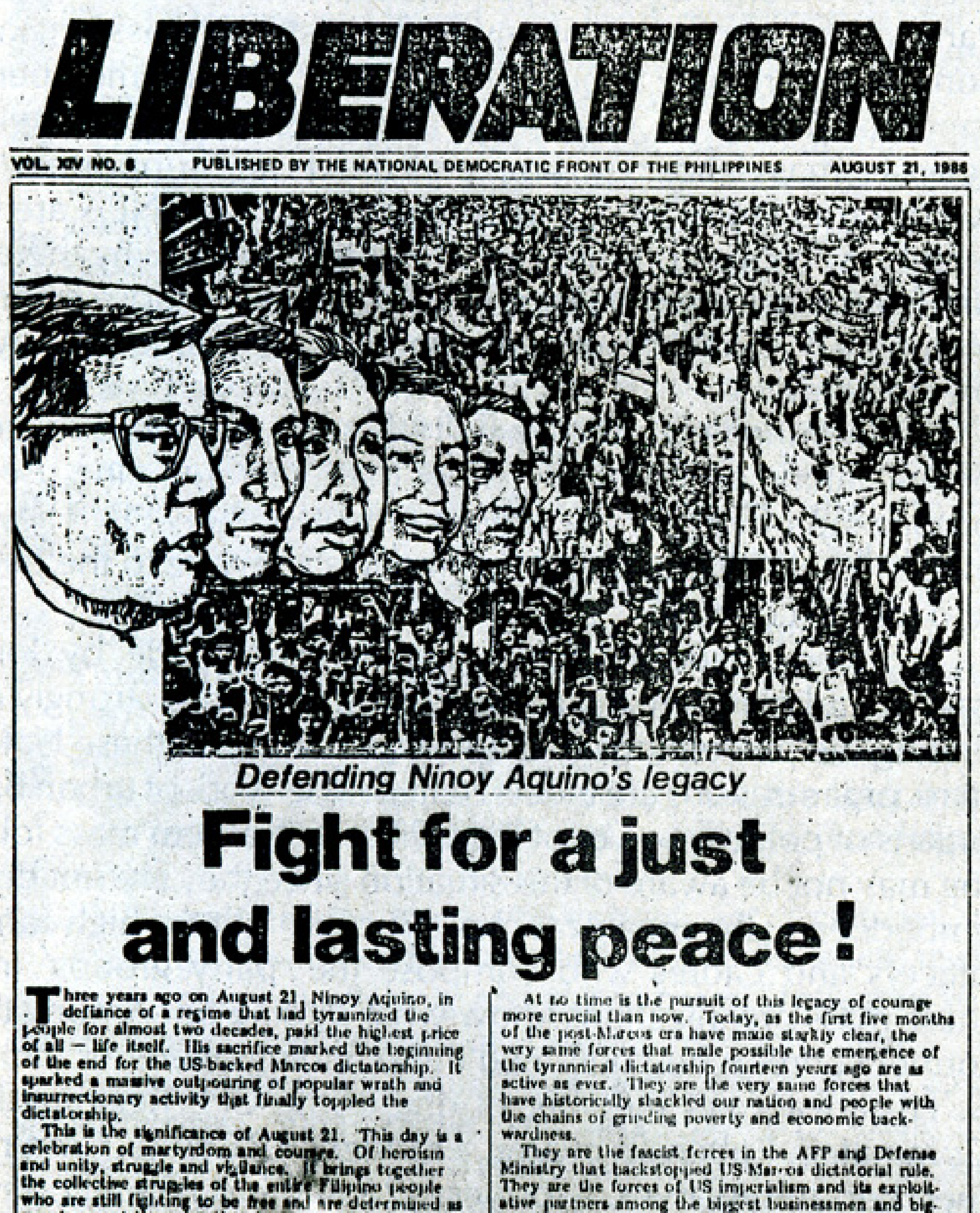
These mass organizations are legal and open, precisely because they're supposed to advocate a peaceful change of society. They use the parliament of the streets through rallies and demonstrations, not arms. During the Marcos era, these mass organizations monopolized demonstrations, rallies and mass actions that usually end in violence. Note that when a peaceful rally ends in violence like the recent Mendiola incident, the legitimacy of armed struggle is justified. If the government/state uses force and violence in suppressing peaceful rallies, then the only option left to the people is the use of another force to counter such state force called fascism, hence armed struggle. Whether the police or the participants initiated the confrontation is no longer the question, the fact is there's violence and that violence is the propaganda value that is advantageous to the CPP. The more people hurt, and if there are deaths, the more the propaganda value of any mass actions is very much enhanced.

During the rallies of these Natdem mass organizations, particularly when marches are held, there's always a group of Natdem activists who wear handkerchief masks who paint the walls and fences along the way with slogans such as "Mabuhay ang CPP/NPA," "Isulong ang digmaang bayan," "Rebolusyon hindi eleksyon," "Viva NPA," "Mabuhay ang demokratikong rebolusyong bayan," "AFP-berdugo," "Kabataan, magtungo sa kanayunan — lumahok sa digmaang bayan," and so forth with red paint. When marchers are on underpasses, their usual chants of "LFS, lumalakas, lumalaban!" or "KMU, lumalakas, lumalaban!" are converted into "NPA, lumalakas, lumalaban!" In unison and in martial cadence, the chanting is aired to agitate and provoke.

Whenever these rallies end, the participants sing solidarity songs like "Bayan ko" and/or other revolutionary communist songs. While singing, they raise their fists clenched, other raise their hand in a position like it is holding a gun with the pointing finger in a position pulling the trigger. During the May 1, 1986 rally at the Luneta, the KMU boldly sang the "Bangon", a Filipino translation of the communist "Internationale" anthem sung all over the communist camps in the same tune but in different languages. The LFS sang it too during their anniversary celebration last September 11, 1986.

These Natdem mass organizations have the same and similar positions on vital issues. They all charge the NAFP of human rights violations without taking into acount the human rights abuses and atrocities of the NPA in the countryside. During the February 7 Snap election, their position was a strong "Boycott" just like the Communist Party with basically the same reasons that the election was US tailored, Marcos and Aquino were both US puppets who belonged to the same exploiting ruling class and that no election could change the society. They advocated, together with the CPP and the NDF, a revolutionary coalition government. They were the ones who brought up the orchestrated rumor of a coup when President Aquino left the country. All of them regarded Enrile and Ramos as fascists in the same manner as the CPP/NPA/NDF do. The CPP and NPA strongly stressed their "No" position in the proposed 1986 Constitution, the natdem forces followed the same position. Before

Olalia was murdered, the KMU's position was a big "Yes" as advocated by Olalia, PnB was also then "Yes". When the CPP and NDF actively campaigned for a rejection of the proposed constitution after Olalia's murder, KMU backlashed to an active "No", so was PnB, KMP, LFS and others. One egoistic and vanguardic character of these forces is very evident — they considered themselves as the only genuine mass organizations who are nationalist and pro-people. Anybody or any organization criticizing their methodology or approaches are readily branded as "fascist," "pseudo-organization," "reactionary," "pro-imperialist," "US puppet," "Marcos loyalist," etc. All kinds of labels are used to coerce those who are opposed to their ultra-leftist viewpoint and methods.



LIBERATION

VOL. XIV NO. 8 — PUBLISHED BY THE NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC FRONT OF THE PHILIPPINES — AUGUST 21, 1986

Defending Ninoy Aquino's legacy

Fight for a just and lasting peace!

Three years ago on August 21, Ninoy Aquino, in defiance of a regime that had tyrannized the people for almost two decades, paid the highest price of all — life itself. His sacrifice marked the beginning of the end for the US-backed Marcos dictatorship. It sparked a massive outpouring of popular wrath and insurrectionary activity that finally toppled the dictatorship.

This is the significance of August 21. This day is a celebration of martyrdom and courage. Of heroism and unity, struggle and vigilance. It brings together the collective struggles of the entire Filipino people who are still fighting to be free and are determined as ever to assert the gains they have won with so much blood, effort and sacrifice.

At no time is the pursuit of this legacy of courage more crucial than now. Today, as the first five months of the post-Marcos era have made starkly clear, the very same forces that made possible the emergence of the tyrannical dictatorship fourteen years ago are as active as ever. They are the very same forces that have historically shackled our nation and people with the chains of grinding poverty and economic backwardness.

They are the fascist forces in the AFP and Defense Ministry that backstopped US-Marcos dictatorial rule. They are the forces of US imperialism and its exploitative partners among the biggest businessmen and biggest landlords.

Even now, the forces of fascism under Defense Min-

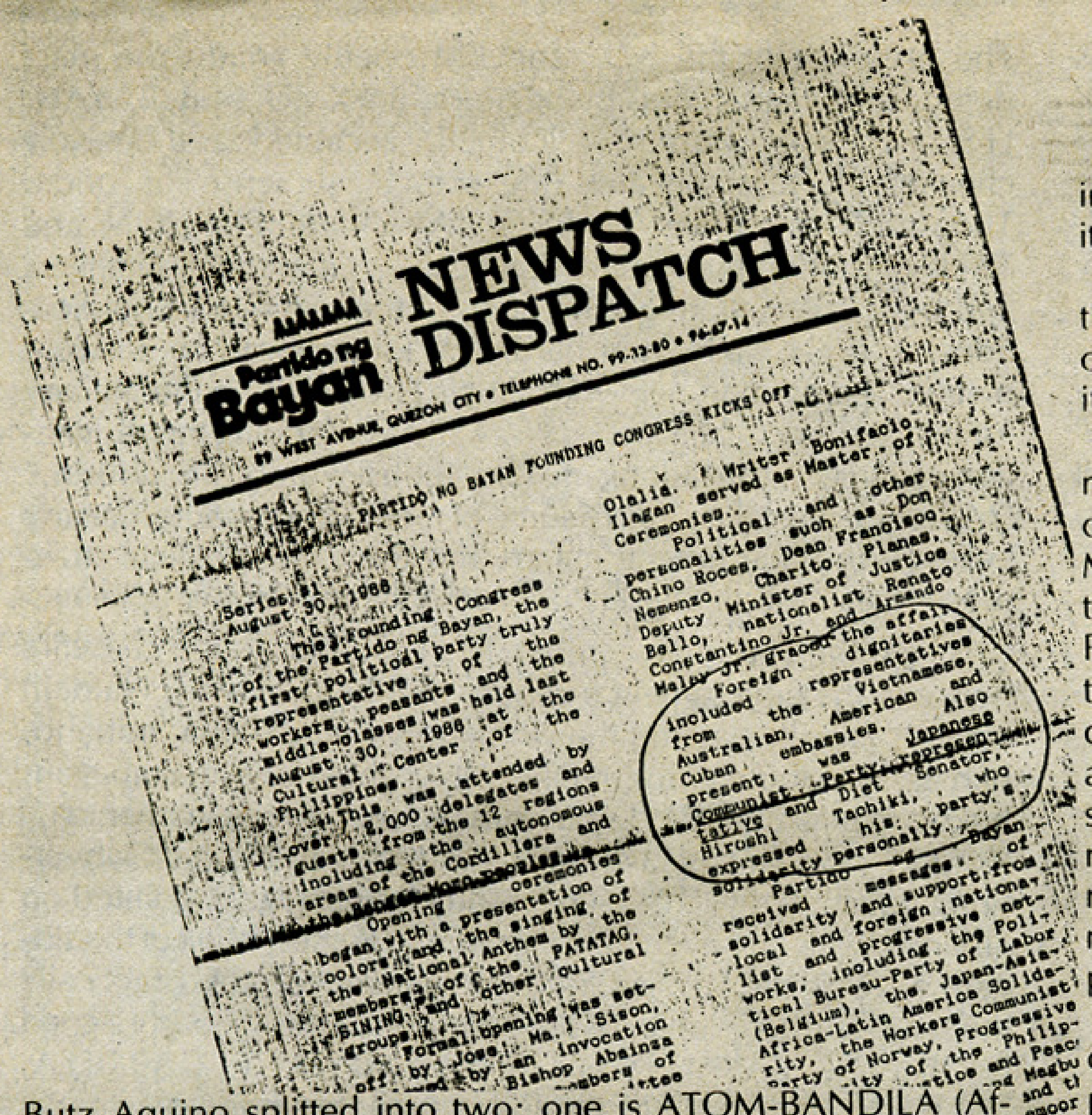
The similarity of political lines can also be determined through their print and verbal manifestos, leaflets and speeches published or delivered during rallies and demonstrations. For example last September 21, 1986, Natdem organizations participating in the Plaza Miranda rally issued manifestos which in essence contained the following positions: dismantling the CHDF, removal of Enrile and Ramos, stopping of militarization in the countryside and support to the NDF position in the ceasefire negotiations. Their manifestos similarly begin explaining the significance of September 21. Some of the manifestos came from BAYAN, KMU, LFS, KM, NDF, PnB and others. Copies of LIBERATION, TALIBA and ANG BAYAN were discreetly distributed to the rally participants.

When the bodies of Rolando Olalia, KMU and PnB head, and his driver Leonor Alay-ay were laid to rest, mass Natdem activists, members and symphatizers joined the funeral-march. For the first time, the NDF flag was unfurled and held high together with the KM streamer in that funeral march by some underground activists all wearing handkerchief masks except NDF personalities like Satur Ocampo, Tony Zumel and Carolina Malay who were all-smiles to the street by-standers. The presence of the NDF and KM openly amidst the mass demonstrators-marchers belonging to the KMU, PnB, BAYAN, LFS, etc. was warmly welcomed, accepted and actively cheered. It also became the marchers' sense of pride. Thousands of copies of ANG BAYAN, LIBERATION and TALIBA flooded the streets. Practically all marchers, watchers and by-standers were given copies of the communist publications. A street wall could hardly be found clean — all were painted red by marchers with slogans denouncing the military for the death of Olalia and Alay-ay and demanding the resignation of Enrile. "Abusadong militar: ambusin, ambusin, ubusin," "Mabuhay ang NDF," were some of the slogans chanted. Many believed that the funeral march and the KMU political strike preceeding the funeral were dry-runs for a communist uprising.

On the eve of December 10, 1986 before the ceasefire between the government troopers and the NPA start, Natdem activists literally painted the whole town red. "Lupa, trabaho, bahay," "Mabuhay ang NDF," "Itayo hukbong makabayan, hukbong makamasa," "Lupaing asendero, libreng ipamahagi," "Kapayapaan sa pagkakasundo hindi sa pagsuko," "Gobyernong bayan di ng iilan" were among those slogans painted on all street walls and even house gates and fences. Most of the slogans were signed NDF and KM. On different places, practically the same worded slogans were boldly and courageously signed by the LFS, BAYAN, KMU, PnB, KMP, ACT, GABRIELA, KADENA, etc. in streetwalls and in streamers hund on various overpasses. There was even a torch-procession in support of the ceasefire organized by the GABRIELA at España Rotonda where all the NDF streamers were displayed prominently around the Welcome monument. As the ceasefire progressed, it could be easily noticed that the mass organizations participating in CPP/NPA/NDF rallies come from the PnB, BAYAN, KMU, LFS, etc. They now come out in the open, boasting their solidarity.

The entire National Democractic movement has its cadre system where organizational linkages are concretized. The persons running or influencing the programs of the Natdem's open and legal mass organizations belong to the underground movement but operate in open mass struggle. For example, the LFS is run and controlled by the KM activists; the ACT by the KAGUMA; the CROSS, by the CNL; the KMP by the PKM; the AHW by the MASAPA, the KMU by the KASAMA. So it is not surprising to see in the campuses that students who have long been graduated or expelled are still commanding and delivering lectures in the LFS, SCM, etc. In every given area, certain party members or candidate-members operate. In such cases, we call them the cadres of the National Democratic movement. They are the link between the CPP/NDF and the legal and open mass organizations. The cadre system is the lifeblood of the revolutionary movement, without this system, there can never be an orchestrated propaganda campaign. This is the reason why Natdem mass organizations have the same and similar issues, stands and positions.

In campuses, those hardcore members, even mass members, of the LFS are also in the SCM, Kamalayan, NUSP, SAMAKANA, etc. They put up alliances every now and then which they themselves compose. The Natdem activists have mastered the tactics and strategies of united front and alliance building. They join forces with the Socdem/yellow groups and even ultra-rightists whenever opportunities of common cause is available. But they see to it that they get most of the advantages than the others. Remember when ex-Senator Benigno Aquino was assassinated in August 1983, the Natdem forces joined hands with the Socdems in bringing down Marcos. The August Twenty-One Movement (ATOM) organized and headed by



Partido ng Bayan
NEWS DISPATCH

Butz Aquino splitted into two: one is ATOM-BANDILA (Affiliated with the Socdems), the other is ATOM-BAYAN (affiliated with the Natdems). The Coalition for the Restoration of Democracy (CORD) which started as the Natdem-Socdem alliance ended up being swallowed by the natdems. The R (in the C.O.R.D.) meaning was changed from "Restoration" to "Realization" since Natdem elements argued that there was no "democracy" ever realized in Philippine society contrary to socdem views which stood firm that "democracy" was killed by Marcos. Then there was that big split in the BAYAN over the Boycott-Participation issue on the February 7 snap election. Socdems and others in the BAYAN (originally conceived as an umbrella organization of all anti-Marcos forces, that's why Socdems were originally included in the BAYAN rostrum) then rallied in support of the candidacy of the then Corazon Aquino while Natdem forces tried to dictate upon all BAYAN members their Boycott stand. The Socdems bolted out of BAYAN and established the Bansang Nagkakaisa sa Diwa at Layunin (BANDILA).

When the Partido ng Bayan (PnB) was formally launched in August 30-31, 1986 at the Folk Arts Theater as a rectification campaign on the CPP blunder on its boycott stand during the snap election which isolated the entire Natdem forces from the people nationwide, we could notice senior activists and cadres belonging to BAYAN, KMU, KADENA, LFS, ACT, SELDA, KMP, GABRIELA, CROSS, SPADE and others. The two prominent figures in the PnB are Jose Ma. Sison, also known as Amado Guerrero, founding chairman of the Communist Party of the Philippines, and Bernabe Buscayno, also known as Kumander Dante, founding Supremo of the New People's Army (NPA). Among those who sent messages of solidarity and greetings of fraternal relations and official representatives were: Yogoslav Communist Partv. Political Bureau of the Party of Belgium, Workers Communist Party of Norway and Japanese Communist Party.

While BAYAN is a multi-sectoral organization composed of LFS, KMU, KMP, ACT, GABRIELA, etc. which is a counterpart of the NDF, the PnB is the counterpart of the CPP. So every underground organization has its counterpart above, legal and open mass organization. Of course, the NPA has no counterpart armed group that is legal or open since any group that is armed is outright illegal.

But they have the Armed City Partisans or the ACP in urban places, and just recently, the LFS planned to mobilize itself as a student militia force.

These are the visible actions anybody can easily notice on these Natdem organizations which serve as communist fronts or organizations inspired, influenced and/or led by the CPP and its cadres.

Of course there's a big difference between being a communist front and being a communist per se. One can only be a communist if he believes, understands and is committed to the Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tse Tung Thought and puts into practice these theories by initially being a member of the Communist Party. In every chapter of any of the Natdem mass organizations, there are only about two or three CPP party members or candidate-members who serve as cadres, the rest are either activists, mass leaders or simple members and supporters. The same is true in the NPA. Not all members of the NPA are CPP members, hence communists. This is the reason why there are red fighters who still believe in God. It is only those sworn-in members of the Party who renounced the existence of any supreme being.

Unfortunately, the mass following of these Natdem organizations do not really know that they are being used as propaganda tools for the advancement of the CPP. They are made to believe that their movement is a service to the people and for the country.

Several exposes' have already been made by former cadres and high-ranking officers of the CPP/NPA strongly confirming the perceptions and beliefs of many that these Natdem mass organizations are indeed part of a network of urban based organs of politcal power of the CPP. The Natdem mass following may not be aware of this situation since they are not deeply embedded in the organizational structure, but the high-ranking officers and cadres who compose the 'party groups' inside these mass organizations know what's going on. Among those former cadres who confirmed these findings were Archimedes S. Frias, a former member of one of the CPP Regional Party Committee, Ruben Guevarra, a former CPP Central Committee member, Jun Alcover, a former NPA and just recently, several Sparrow Unit members in Cebu City and many more. Victor Corpus, a PMAyer who defected to the NPA and just recently rejoined the NAFP, started exposing the atrocities, terrorisms and deceptions of the CPP/NPA/NDF.

It may be of interest for the public to know that many NPA and CPP members have secretly sent feelers for their desire to return to normal life, to many institutions and personalities. Their common fear is reprisal from CPP/NPA elements operating within the Natdem mass organizations who are free to roam around the urban centers.

We must deplore the entire communist movement for its deceptive network. While it is true that they condemn and fight the influence and control of US imperialism in our society, they, nevertheless, sucumbbed to reign beholden ideology ideas like the Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tse Tung Thought, dogmatically equating Philippine reality like that of Chinese situation before the victory of the proletarian revolution led by Mao.

In our country, the most suitable and relevant ideas are the summation of the great ideas of our forefathers that sparked the Great 1896 Revolution, the ideas from Lapu-lapu to Rizal and Bonifacio and then down to Aguinaldo, Mabini and Recto and to the countless Filipinos of today. This is Filipinism, the ideology that is truly democratic and truly Filipino, the ideology truly reflective of our people's struggle against colonialism and neo-colonialism.

what's in a circled A ?

do it yourself Anarchy

Anarchism is the theory that all forms of government rest on violence, and therefore is wrong and harmful, as well as unnecessary. Anarchy is a condition of society regulated by voluntary agreement, cooperation and mutual aid instead of government. But what do anarchists do on a day-to-day basis to get from what we have now to anarchy? The following condensed (for local consumption) list was written by Slice Kominshi and published in BDN/Point Blank, a bi-monthly anti-authoritarian newsjournal.

1) Question authority. Don't just accept what the "powers that be" say. Do your own thinking, guided by a healthy skepticism for all that tries to claim your loyality, including anarchism.

2) Read and educate yourself about anarchism. Read Proudhon, Bakunin, Kropotkin, Malatesta, Rocker, Goldman, Berkman, Guerin, Guillen, Bookchin, Dolgoff, Christie, Meltzer, Ward and Baumann. Then, read history, especially the history of the French and 1848 revolutions, the Russian 1905 and 1917 revolutions, the councilist '20's in Europe and the U.S., the 1936-39 Spanish revolution, Soviet Leninism and Stalinism, the American labor movement in its entirety, the Chinese and other Third World revolutions (including the Philippine example), Eastern European resistance, revolt and autonomy, and the 1960's, 70's and 80's in western Europe and the U.S. as a continuum. Self education is a life long activity, and so should not be considered a necessary condition for acting.

3) No matter how much you've read, act. Act based upon those gut level feelings you had as a child when an adult gave you some arbitrary and stupid order. Until they've had it beaten, regimented or psyched out of them, most young children are natural anarchists, often daring to defy authorities much bigger and more powerful than themselves. If you know something is wrong, or if you're getting fucked over, do something. Get your friends, or other people in similar situations to help, but act. The act alone liberates.

4) Cultivate your spontaneity, your sense of play, your creativity. Make your actions more graceful, more surprising, in a word, more artistic. Anarchists are flexible above all, capable of responding to the unexpected in a fluid dance of change.

5) Refuse to register for the draft. There has never been a draft registration without a draft, and never a draft without a war. Don't become cannon fodder for our government's military adventurism.

6) Refuse to pay your taxes (as long as you can get away with it). The government pays for war, militarism, and a lot of other ugly things with the money. Don't subsidize the injustices you are fighting.

7) Don't vote (if possible), it only encourages conformity. Don't be fooled by voters for a candidate to make a difference.

8) Revolt against work. Most work is a bore, besides being a form of regimentation that denies freedom, creativity, and self determination to people. Don't be afraid of sick ins, slow downs, strikes and sabotage.

9) Practice self reduction. Individual theft becomes self reduction when practiced collectively. One person sneaking into a bus doesn't do much, but a campaign to pass on bus transfers or to use all change short for the fare can do a lot. One person can shoplift from a store, but if hundreds of people line up at the check out stands all refusing to pay full price for their food, the protest against high prices is made clear. One person can steal electricity from the utilities, but organized as a public protest in which thousands of people refuse to pay part of their bill, self reduction can surface as a powerful movement.

10) Occupy unused buildings or land for living. House and land squatting are big around the world. Because of strict property laws and trespass statutes in the U.S. and perhaps, in other countries, the creative occupation of public buildings and land would probably be more successful to begin with.

11) Destroy (bad) capitalist property. The fetishism of property in the U.S. is so strong that the destruction of property owned by large business or the government can be, under the right circumstances, a revolutionary act affirming the value of human life as in the damaging of nuclear or the burning of harmful pesticides.

12) Take to the streets. The streets belong to the people, not just the marches, rallies and the demonstrations, but for the life our society tries to privatize in suburban houses and urban apartments. The streets belong to us, not to the police who patrol them.

13) Become an expert at fucking with bureaucracies. Learn how to screw them over with their own paperwork and regulations. Seldom follow instructions and always ask too many questions. Break bureaucrats out of their confining roles through the unusual, the unexpected, the humane.

14) Fuck over computer systems. Punch in an extra slot on any outdated computer cards you must return. Learn computer languages and programming so that you can penetrate, "hack" and sabotage existing computer networks.

15) Create alternatives. If there are no facilities to support women who have been assaulted or raped in your community, organize them. If a crosswalk in your neighborhood is dangerous for kids, organize your own safety crossing. Don't wait for the "proper authorities" to act, do it yourself.

16) Join what existing, mutual aid organizations there are no matter how co-opted they may be, and push for their radicalization. If you work for a unionized business, join the union and agitate for a more militant stance. If you're a renter, join a tenants Union and insist on a more confrontational approach. Take advantage of what already exists and push it towards anarchism.

17) Support self emancipation for the working class and all oppressed people. Self activity and self organization for the working class, and popular self-determination for the oppressed grow out of mass action, which is part of anarchism's core.

18) Form your own group at work or where you live to help you carry out any or all of the above. Base your group, not on a set of demands or a program, but on the affinity existing between yourself and other people. Do-it-yourself anarchy works best in intimate, small scale, collective settings. Anarchists assume that the means used always effect the ends desired, so practice anarchy through voluntary, decentralized affinity groups.

19) Think internationally by corresponding and allying with regional, national and international anarchist organizations and networks. (see the International Blacklist, An Anti-Authoritarian Directory 719 Asbury St., S.F. CA 94117, for listings).

20) Support your local anarchist (. . . and we don't mean the NDF, dummy! – Ed.)

(REPRINTED FR. DAILY IMPULSE, SAN FRANCISCO)

(Editor's Note: Unless events and conditions *really* warrant it, this article in not supposed to be taken seriously.)

URBAN ASSAULT



by DOMINIC



RANDOM THOUGHTS
(or THE ANARCHIST ACCORDING TO GAMBOA)

The anarchist sees the state as the negation of human freedom, an albatross around the neck of humanity. The state is an excrescence and parasite that must be removed as early as possible.

No change in the formal organization of the state can really help matters. The modern "democratic state" is no less despotic than the state of "absolute monarchy." In fact, it is far more worse because it hypocritically covers up its authoritarian and exploitative character with the slogans and trappings of popular sovereignty. As long as the state exists, an unholy alliance of priests, bureaucrats, soldiers, and businessmen will be the prime, if not the sole, beneficiaries of the institutionalized violence we call the "state."

The anarchist denies that state and government are "functional" necessities of human societies. The human being existed before the rise of the state and will reach full human potential only after its demise. The state persists only because certain groups have vested interests in it. There is nothing in "human nature" or "social organization" that requires the state.

We each need to develop our own pacifist, humanitarian, and anarchist philosophy as well as try to develop our own personal courage and conviction to apply what we believe to our everyday living. Why do I do wrong when I know what is right? If we don't want to be killed, we shouldn't support the murderers, be they butchers selling meat or governments selling war. If we don't want to be opressed, we shouldn't support the oppressors, be they governments selling the obscenity of democracy which gives one group of people the right to control another – or the system that forces children to pray to their god in the school assembly and sing the national anthem.

You don't have to look far to find something that is considered normal and acceptable. Why is it accepted as normal that over a third of the world is dying for the want of food while the other two thirds throw away food at the end of each meal? While starvation is a killer in the third world, obesity is a killer in the "civilized world." This sort of distorted normality will continue to be accepted as normal until a sufficient number of people question that normality. Only then will things change – and eventually they would as there would be no defense for their continuance – if, and only if, each of us is aware of our philosophical beliefs rather than indoctrinal issues.

Till next issue.

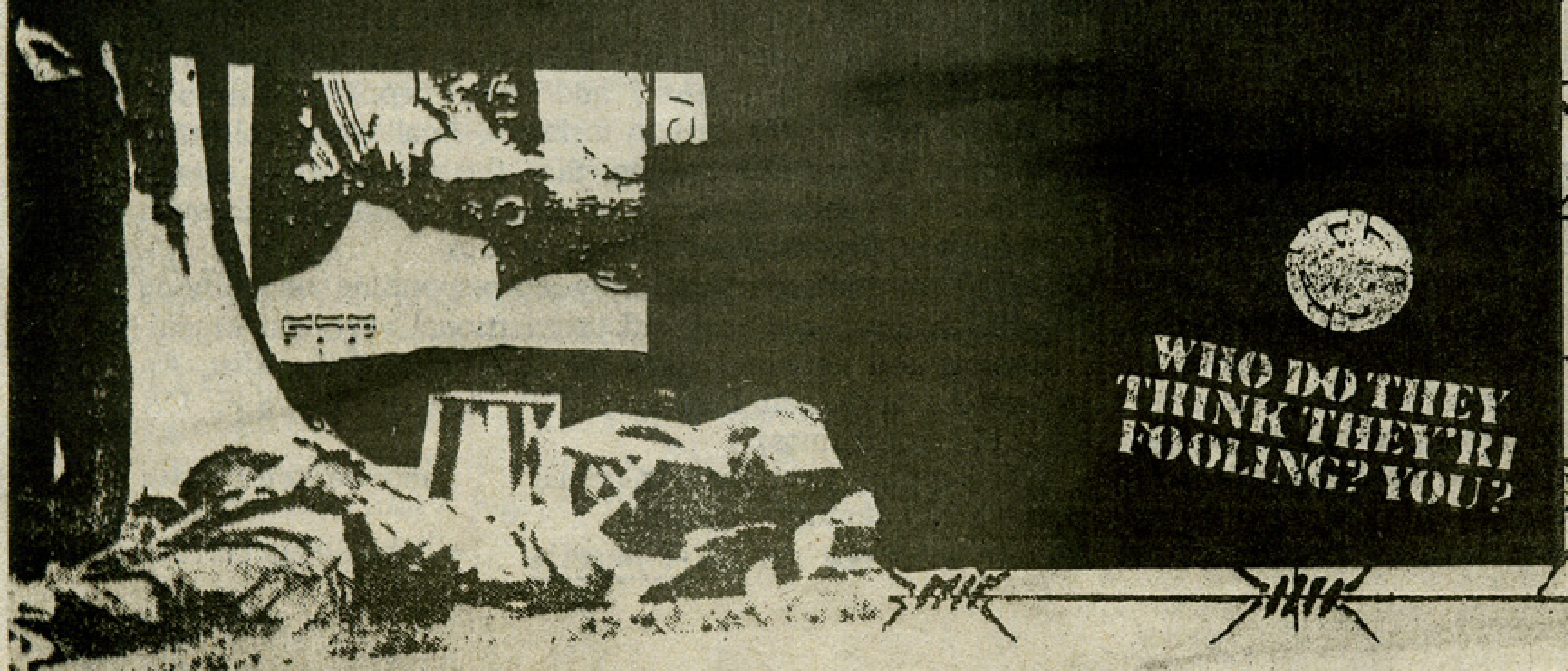
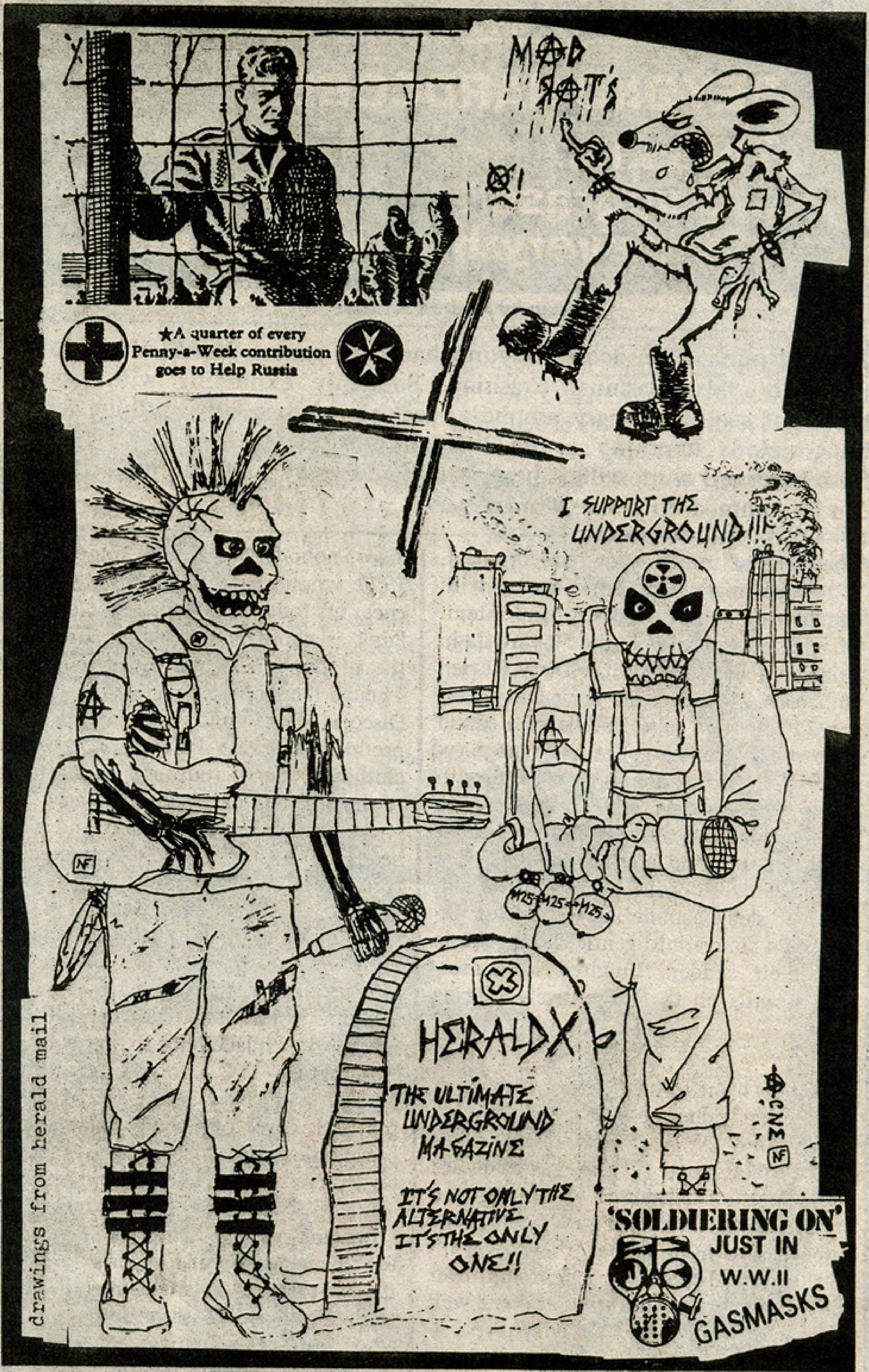




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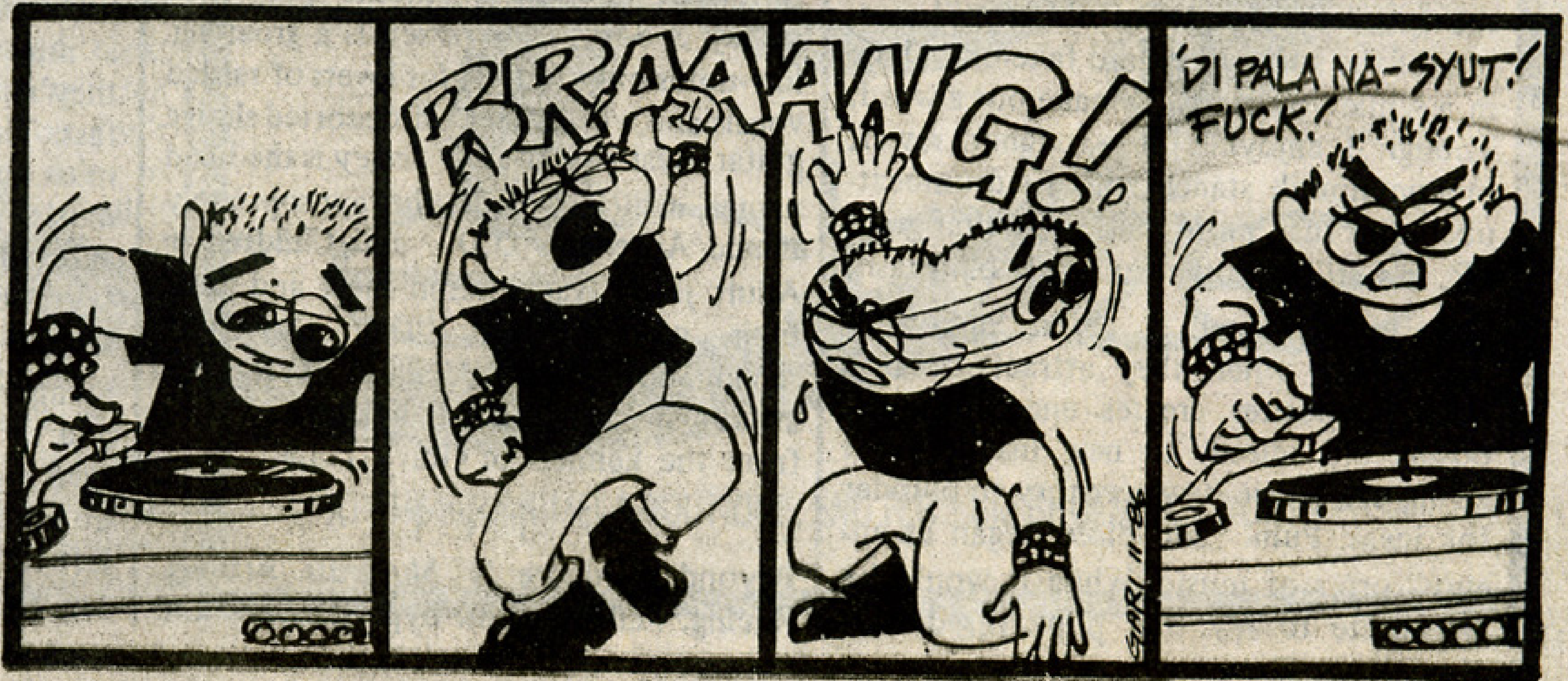


I GUESS I WON'T ENLIST

I love my flag, I do, I do,
Which floats upon the breeze.
I also love my arms and legs,
And neck, and nose, and knees.
One little shell might spoil them all
Or give them such a twist,
They would be of no use to me;
I guess I won't enlist.

I love my country, yes, I do,
I hope her folks do well.
Without our arms, and legs and things,
I think we'd look like hell.
Young men with faces half shot off
Are unfit to be kissed,
I've read in books it spoils their looks;
I guess I won't enlist.

(Daily Impulse)



BRAVE NEW TRENDS

BEYOND HARDCORE: Thrash... ...Bluegrass ...and everything in between...

A peep by Andrea 'Enthal

Beyond punk is hardcore. Beyond hardcore comes thrash. Hard. Loud. Furiously fast. Bashing. Crashing. Suddenly exploding with snarled bursts of seething, angry ampheta–zeal aimed to quash anything resembling melody, harmony, or the elitism of musical expertise. For those who find hardcore wimpsville, there is only one way and one music, which can be summed up in one word: *thrash*.

The basis of thrash is the hardcore beat, a furious migraine pulse delivered with unrelenting tempo, intensity, and intent. Imagine a steamroller in the 50-yard dash. Imagine a band named the **Dirty Rotten Imbeciles**. Now imagine their Dirty Rotten LP. A great mud puddle of a sound with noisy droning guitar and ranted vocals. Their debut album was a din with songs that averaged 30 seconds, marked by the band's deadly accurate sense of when to stop and start. What made the Dirty Rotten Imbeciles more than the sum of their sledgehammering were their unexpected forays into gentle, lulling music and their sudden, hundred-chord-a-second assaults on that deceptively alluring calm.

† † †

If you want to hear thrash with some production values, check out the Imbeciles' second LP. An album of dirty, distorted metal guitar shearings packed with every kind of pissed-off sentiment society can bear, *Dealing With It!* shows the Imbeciles to have learned the art of 40- and even 50-second songmanship over the last two years. Guitars squeal and wail with a case of high-frequency deprivation. Racing. Ranting. Foaming at twice the speed of sound, D.R.I. are still masters of the soft-meets-hard fake-out. Once in a while you can even make out a word. Though I enjoyed their rougher, rawer, pre-metalpunk stance with its drumbeat-uber-alles rush more than this guitar grate LP, it's still a potent example of thrash.

The underground is about opposites, particularly when they attract, because fusing opposites creates energy by exposing old sounds to new listeners and giving old music new territory to plunder for ideas. Punk and disco began as enemy forms of music. While it would be inaccurate to say that punk fused with disco, nobody in his right mind back in 1977 would have predicted the emergence of today's pink-haired disco pop. Punk is about anger and energy. Damn the production values, full speed ahead. Though the slam's a dance, it has no steps. Disco is about good times and is full of production tricks. Punk-disco takes the clothing of one group and the attitudes of the other to make something new.

A meeting between punks and metalheads in the early '80s was guaranteed to result in uncivil war. Today there is metalpunk. D.R.I.'s Death Records is a division of Metal Blade, a heavy metal label.

† † †

New Jersey, the Garden State, is the ultimate suburb, with New York City to the north, Philadelphia to the west, and Washington, D.C., to the south. **Cyanamid** says "New Jersey is a Mall." On the back cover of Cyanamid's nine-band compilation, *New Jersy's Got It?* the state is depicted more like a picnic ground. The "it" New Jersey's got is metalpunk, a droning, grating guitar sound with one foot hanging out of Flipper's womb and the other firmly planted in '80's garage trash. From the thrash of **Bodies in Panic**, who borrow a native America beat, through the mutant, demonic space rock of **My 3 Sons**, *New Jersey* is a groaning, low-notes-only festival for lovers of ranted vocals and worshippers of distorted sludge guitar. Best part of *New Jersey* is the band names, which include the appropriately manic **Adrenalin O.D.** and **Children in Adult Jails**. The children sneer and grate their way through "Dog Days," a screaming bitch of a track that degenerates in a fit of barked hysteria straight from the kennels of Gravy Train.

† † †

Beyond hardcore is *bluegrass*. Bracing. Racing. Making punk hyperthrash sound like a choir of grandmothers. Bluegrass fans like guitars. They also worship speed. Bluegrass and hardcore seem like opposites. But they share monomaniacal instrumental values, which makes them naturals to attract. **Blood on the Saddle** fuses bluegrass with hardcore to create cowpunk, part country, part roots-rock that flies off the turntable with slippery western speed. Start with the bash-bash drum beat from hardcore. Couple it with upright acoustic bass. Cackle out a couple of country "yee-haws" in tunes about being single and unable to pay the rent, for a high-energy fusion that doesn't sound like punk or country any more than punk-disco sounds like its parent styles. Blood's album on the Minutemen's New Alliance label is full of the flying fingertips and heart-pumping roots-rock that puts cowpunk on the edge where rock is doing something new and a half twist different from what has gone before.

† † †

From Foghorn to fricassee, **MDC** tackles Colonel Sandres and "Adolph" Perdue in "Chicken Squawk," a countryfried plea for vegetarianism. "Buk-buk" clucking to giddy 12-string guitar and the pounded beat that makes this 7-inch square dance hardcore, MDC informs us that "Bugs Bunny is a friend of mine. Eating him I'd feel like Frankenstein . . . let your chickens be." It's a goofy romp with serious intent from this crew of left-leaning politipunks, who change the meaning of their name with each release . Originally, it stood for Millions of Dead Cops, but that proved less than popular with the local gendarmes who regularly checked out their shows and fans. Multi-Death Corporations came next. For this release they used Millions of Dead Children and packed it with pictures of starving African boys and emaciated bare-breasted black women in a zillion-word Crass-style foldout sleeve. It can also stand for Millions of Dead Congressmen, Millions of Dead Capitalists, and Misguided Devout Christians, according to a list they published in 1982. What makes this record a mini-masterpiece is its fusion. Sure, they're pissed. And loud. And hard. And fast. They rant and rail. Drums pound a most unsubtle migraine beat. It's enery music. Thumping. Bumping rhythms. An exorcism ceremony for the urge to slam. It's also a real square dance. MDC meets all the hardcore rules and skews them. Swinging to the east, swinging to the west, and swinging with the chicken that they love best, they invite you to "come and do the chicken squawk with me." All that's left for Malcolm McLaren is a pile of Rotten gizzards.

If any band understands how to put the *k* back in Teksus, it's **Jon Wayne.** A lyin', cheatin' assemblage of miserable city slickers who do for backwoods redneck rockin' what the Pop-O-Pies did for the Grateful Dead. They go truckin'. That's the four-wheeled kind. But the oil light comes on and the nearest filling station's manned by some immigrant alien who doesn't speak English except for the phrase "six dollars," which he applies to the situation with enterprising American zeal. What's a cowpole to do? Wayne takes a shot of whiskey and some buckshot for rabbit and concocts a couple more country corkers with riffs stolen from "Ode to Billy Joe."

"Shoulda kept my job in FedMart selling garden hoses," mumbles Jon, who isn't named Wayne in real life any more than their big, bashing drummer is named Jimbo or their bassist Billy Bob. Their half-speed country twanging guitarist hasn't even learned to spell *his* name yet' cause it comes out "Ernest Bovine" in his signature and "Earnest Beauvine" on the credits below. Must have something to do with Texas. Don't ask. Their album's called *Texas Funeral* and its cuts include "Texas Jailcell," "Texas Polka," and "But I've Got Texas." A map of the band's beloved home state on the back cover shows Pixley, Famersville, and, uhh, the Sequoia National Forest? Fresno? Hold on, fellas, those ain't in Texas. They're in California.

That's the Wayne band's home. They get together about once a year to lovingly plunder country music for hanky-wringer cliches. Attitude gives the band its charm. Sniveling, surly, and candid, *Texas Funeral* sports a down-home living-room feel. Divorcees rhymes with horsies and everything's so loose you know they could say anything. And they do. Look out Modesto. Naturally, with all their big talk about Texas, the record is imported from England. They're not the first American band to find their vinyl more welcome overseas.

† † †

With the number of times whiskey gets mentioned in country-influenced rock, you'd think the genre was underwritten by a whiskey concessionaire. You don't hear about vermouth in rock's tales of woe. The **Mekons'** fourth album is called *Fear and Whiskey*. From the border territory where folk meets country and country meets rocks, it comes complete with poke-a-long American western guitars, boy-next-door vocals, and subtle sound effects. Mekons country is where "Rocky Raccoon" was born. Full of tales. A mite surreal. Guitars twang like sheep brays, and when our fearless leader sings "my head was split," a shwoop-thunking guillotine slices down to provide artistic verisimilitude. Nobody seems surprised. "Flitcraft" is a dream poem unraveled in crisp British tones. The delicacy of the woman's speech helps reinforce the illusion she might be sane. Susie Honeyman's leanly bowed and finger-picked violin waltzes throughout the album. Sawing away as if she were at an Appalachian barn dance, Honeyman makes Mekons country one of the most welcoming places you could park an ear.

† † †

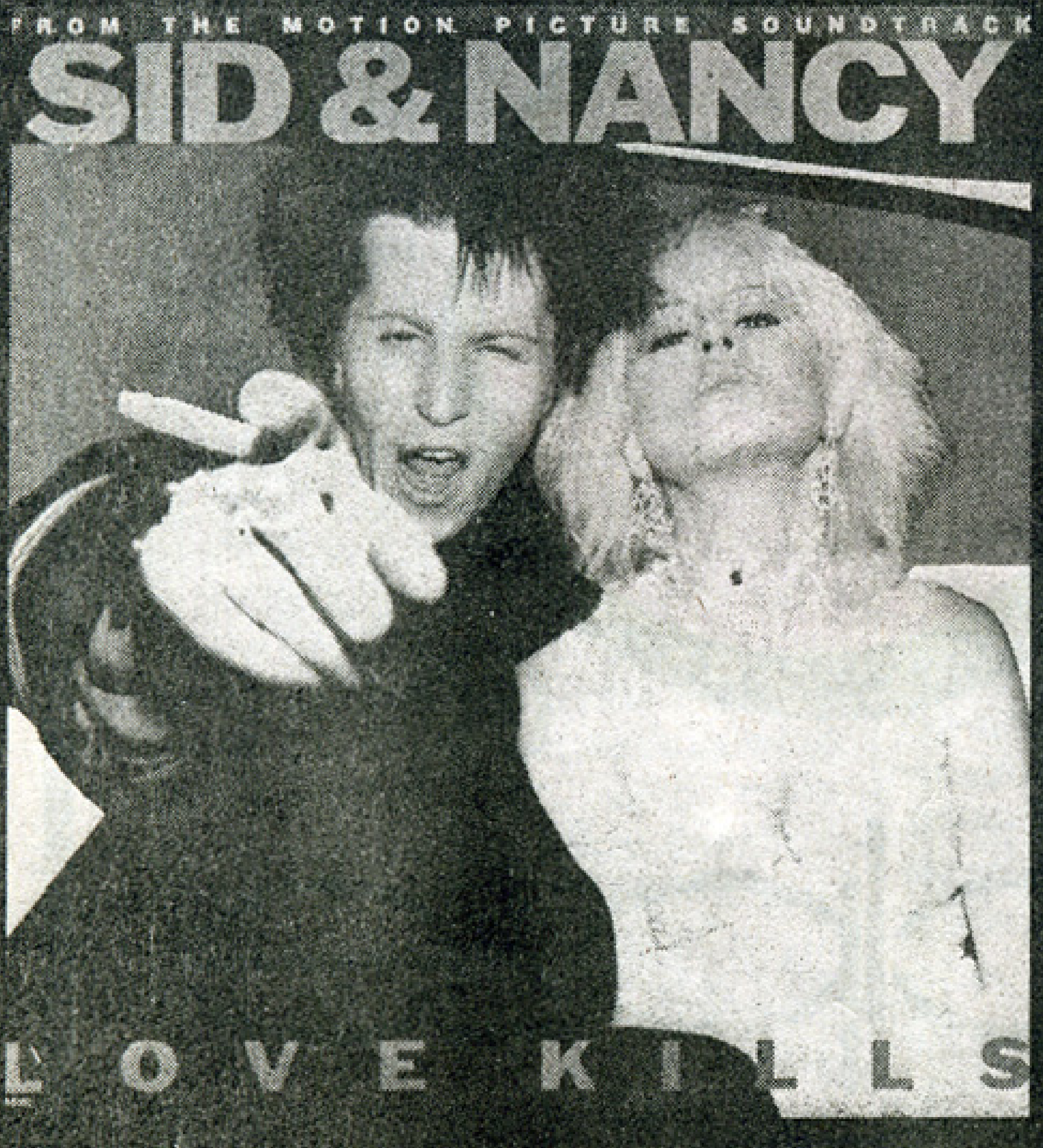
"Everybody keeps telling us to change our name," Kevin Bowe, guitarist and vocalist of **Summer of Love,** confesses meekly. "We started two years ago, when none of this '60s revival stuff was happening. Then all of a sudden, Summer of Love doesn't have anything to do with that." A cello-toting quintet from Minneapolis, they also don't have anything to do with the garage sounds of the Replacements and Husker Du. "Though it's helped us," he says. "People ask where the band's from, and when you say Minneapolis they're willing to listen because of those bands' success." What people hear when they listen to Summer of Love is folky pop with just enough disharmony to keep the band's fragile vocal excursions on the safe side of ick. Bowe's softly scratchy voice complements the mildly abrasive warmth of Michelle Kinney's cello. There's a fine sandpapered quality to their music similar to the Psychedelic Furs' early work. Kinney's strings slither and build but always stay simple and straightforward. An obvious comparison is It's a Beautiful Day. "We don't play dress up and we don't play haircut," Bowe says. "[Bassist] Pete Linman spent a year in India, studying the culture. He's really into Indian music. That's the only thing I cant think of as an influence." "Killing the Blues" is Summer of Love's first release. There isn't anything Indian about it and it isn't blues. It's a gentle, lilting melody, so simple and unobtrusively produced it can never go stale.

Summer of Love didn't bother creating a fictitious label name for themselves. The record just lists the band and the song.

With its simple photocopied sleeve and unassuming sound, this record proves that beyond all the mega-budgets, agents, and hype, there's something about simplicity that will always endure. Thrashing. Lulling. Constantly plundering other music styles. The underground is alive and well and everywhere. You coldn't kill it if you tried. [SPIN]



We Feel Sid never fully recovered from the Blow to the Head
When he was hit with an Axe By Paul Young outside Rotten's house at Gunter Grove Chelsea
only Jock Mc Donald singer of "The Bollock Brothers"
had The Courage to help and take him to hospital
It reminded us of the ending from the Movie "Thunderbolt and Lightfoot".

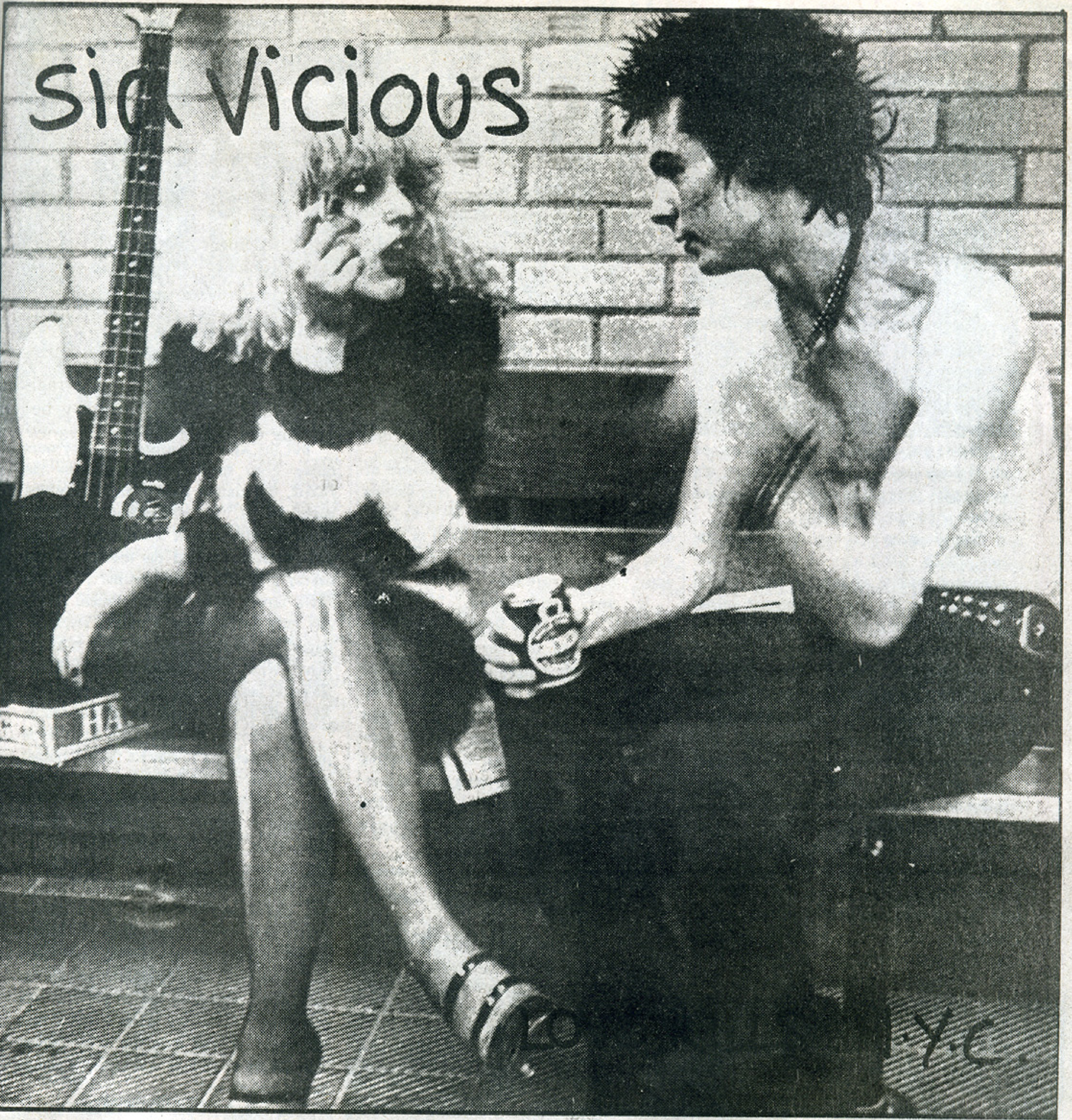


SID & NANCY

Embassy Home Entertainment
Directed by Alex Cox
VIDEO REVIEW BY DIDITS GONZALES

This is a really good movie. A really good punk movie at that. The film is both hilarious and saddening, a sort of tragi-comic love story that seemed doomed right from the very beginning. Both Sid Vicious (played by Gary Oldman) and Nancy Spungen (portrayed by Chloe Webb), turn in stunning performances. It's as if they've both come back to life. Thanks to the outstanding direction of Alex Cox, we become privy to the rise and decline of the Sex Pistols, the punk band that sent the music industry reeling and forever changed whatever preconceived ideas you may have held about rock music. Punk was rude, it blasted you away with its xonic wall of noise and forced you to face reality dead in the eye. It was the tandem of Johnny Rotten and Sid Vicious who best represented what the Pistols stood for. Sid died of a heroin overdose on the 2nd of February in 1979, shortly after stabbing his girlfriend, Nancy Spungen accidentally during one of his drug induced trips. Johnny Rotten has since changed his name to John Lyndon. Some of the more memorable scenes in this flick include, an outrageous boat party with the Pistols playing on board which is promptly dispersed by the bobbies, not without a few scuffles though. Then there's Sid and Johnny wrecking the living daylights out of a Rolls Royce and Nancy and Sid in a telephone booth calling up Nancy's mother for money, supposedly for a honeymoon but in actuality to enable the couple to score more drugs Then there's Sid and Johnny spotting a stretch limousine and instantaneously screaming, "Rod Steward at two o'clock", and like little kids pretending to be RAF gunners; proceed to pelt the automobile with make-believe machinguns. From the very beginning of the film it's quite obvious that Rotten hates Spungen for getting Sid hooked on heroin. The other Pistols resented her presence as well. It's only the band manager Malcom Mclaren who manages to forge an uneasy truce. The band votes that Nancy stay in England while the Pistols start their U.S. tour.

Yes, the disastrous American tour. By now, Sid was completely hooked on heroin and manages to screw–up almost all of their U.S. gigs. Unable to play cohesively as a band, the Pistols disband. And Nancy's on the first plane to New York to join her totally zonked out boyfriend. The couples continued addiction to hard drugs and their slow glide into hell is a pitiful sight. There's one somewhat hilarious moment though, when Sid and Nancy visit Spungen's grandparents who, as you might expect were totally shocked out of their wits. Eventually the couple got thrown out of there. Other worthwhile scenarios, include, Sid and Nancy stoned out of their heads oblivious to the fact that their room is on fire.



And of course, Sid singing "My Way" onstage. Great footage on that one. The ending is surrealistic, Sid & Nancy kissing in some dank alley and it's raining garbage on them. All in slowmo. And like in a dream, Sid leaves this diner and without much coaxing finds himself dancing with some beatbox kids and who should arrive in the scene but Nancy in a wedding dress inside a yellow chequered cab. Sid gets in and they disapear into the sunset or maybe into the heart of every punk. Who knows? What is the message of the movie? Perhaps Joe Strummer sums it up best in the track he cut for the soundtrack of the album. . . "Love Kills." Have fun but get out alive. *Sid & Nancy* is THE cult film of '86, hands down.



EXCLUSIVE!

THE TRAGEDY OF WXB 102: A CASE OF "UNGUARDED MOMENTS"

by Edwin P. Sallan

A few weeks ago, somewhere in Donada St. in Pasay City . . .

"You're listening to the station that dares to be different, WXB 102. This is the Waterboys and 'The Pan Within' . . ."

"This is 102 Music and you've just heard the Dead Kennedys with a song called 'MTV (Get Off The Air)'. Before that, we played two of our most requested tunes:. The Alarm with 'Absolute Reality' and 'Desire' by Gene Loves Jezebel . . ."

"Here's Joy Division featuring the late Ian Curtis and 'Love Will Tear Us Apart' . . ."

Unless you got your own copy of any or all of those songs on record or cassette, it's gonna take quite a long while before you get to hear and enjoy them again.

Heartbreaking as it may seem, radio station DWXB, 102.7 on your FM dial – the only one capable of playing such eclectic music under the most largely-patronized alternative format (since DZRJ junked its own progressive programming in favor of mushy nostalgia), formally closed shop last June 6 after a highly controversial transfer of ownership took place just weeks before.

WXB's sudden plunge to the lion's den culminated a series of misfortunes that has been troubling the station since the much-ballyhooed EDSA Revolution. That historic event, which made instant heroes out of every incidental participant (mere onlookers and enterprising vendors included) also paved the way for government's takeover of XB via the sequestering powers of the often nosy PCGG when its owners and then managing operators, believed to be cronies of the deposed dictator, abandoned ship.

"Pinabayaan kami ng old management," recalled Jessie Gonzales, station manager of the pre-EDSA XB. "Bigla na lang kaming iniwan at para bang sinabi sa amin na 'sige, magsara na kayo, bahala na kayo sa buhay nyo!' Walang separation pay, walang back wages yung mga naiwang employees."

It was during those "unguarded moments" when Jessie Gonzales decided to take charge and together with his fellow employees made a common stand regarding the matter. With the PCGG's blessings, they agreed to resume broadcasting activities even without the old management's (which, incidentally was the Universal Broadcasting Corporation) support. It was a suicidal gambit on their part considering the fact that the station had no operating funds to begin with.



ALAN K : Last jock on board

But the XB people knew what they were doing. Prior to its sequestration by the PCGG, the station already had something going for it. Its alternative/new music/album-oriented format was getting tremendous response around the metropolis and nearby provinces. It was number 15 on the PSRC survey before the revolution. And it was only operating on a weak ("pupugak-pugak", as Jessie would call it) 1 kilowatt signal. With these considerations in mind, Gonzales believed that somehow, someway, XB would survive despite all odds against it.

And survive it did. And how. Upon learning of the decision to stay on the air, friends and followers of the station (consisting mostly of mobile disco entrepreneurs and spinners) volunteered their services and in some cases, their equipment and records, too, for free.

"Yung mga deejays namin na naririnig nyo, sina George Frederick, Alan K and the others were all volunteers. They did not get a single centavo for their efforts," said Jessie G. "Same thing with us regulars except the technicians whom we had to provide with something. Alam mo naman, yung mga technician eh yun lang ang ikinabubuhay nila. Unlike us na may mga sidelines naman sa tabi-tabi diyan."

The broadcast personnel taken care of, the problem of compensating the technicians, paying the Meralco and phone bills and other maintenance expenses were left to be settled. To hurdle those obstacles, XB organized fund-raising parties once a month like the *Spirit of 102, Desire* and the *Sneak Attack* series, all full house affairs. Likewise, it offered time slots for block-timers like *Radio Manila* and sponsored-programs like *Rockwave* and *High Times*.

Not only did such money-making schemes keep the station going, it also managed to pay the existing debts of its mother network, the UBC, amounting to just a little less than fifty thousand pesos. No mean achievement, indeed.



The Final Countdown...

PHOTOS DODONS



JESSIE GONZALES: "Pinabayaan kami ng old management."



DWXB-FM MUSIC 102: FROM CUTE TO CULT

Jingle Mag #109 Nov. '85

What's an even bigger feat was XB's entry into the top ten of PSRC survey beating out the likes of RT, KY and KS despite its 1 kilowatt power. This, according to Gonzales, can be attributed to two factors: a) the "ever-expanding popularity of the station" beyond the Metro Manila area where listeners living in far places installed their own antennas just to get a feed of the so-called "102 Music" and b) the continuously-improving format which later included airtime for local new music talents (a practice RJ was more famous for) like Dean's December, Identity Crisis, Sake and the station's biggest discovery, The Dawn.

But just when everything was picking up for XB, came the straw that broke the camel's back. The light at the end of the station's tunnel turned out to be the headlamp of an oncoming train.

On May 20, the PCGG lifted its sequestration order for XB eleven months after its issuance. But not before the station was silently sold to a newly established network – the People's Broadcasting Network, a subsidiary of Radyo Bombo, a firm reportedly associated with the Lopez family, a corporate dynasty enjoying close ties with no less than the President of the Philippines herself.

THE OBSERVER 20 May 1987

DWXB workers picket PCGG

Employees and fans of the sequestered radio station DWXB yesterday picketed in front of the Presidential Commission on Good Government office at Ortigas, Pasig as they questioned the alleged arbitrary sale of the station to Radyo Bombo, a Visayan-based network.

Supported by some 300 listeners and followers, mostly youngsters, Jesse Gonzales, the station's sales manager, said the employees fear of losing their jobs to the new owners following the P2.14 million sale of Universal Broadcasting Corp., WXB's mother network, to People's Broadcasting.

The sale, Gonzales said, was done without public bidding, adding that People's Broadcasting, Radyo Bombo's mother unit, had been pushing for the sale since last year but the fiscal agent, Bobby Brillante, was against it.

This time, he said, Radyo Bombo took the opportunity during Brillante's absence when he vied for a congressional seat in Makati. Rudy Brul

The spectre of losing both the station and their hold of it staring at their faces, the XB personnel and the station's followers opted for good old-fashioned mass actions. They picketed at the PCGG offices and demanded a dialogue with Commissioner Mary Concepcion Bautista to question the "illegal" sale of XB. Bautista and the PCGG claimed no responsibility for the sale, pointing the finger at the station's old management ("the fictitious owners," says Jessie) as the "culprits". She also confirmed that the deal was consummated "with the help of the Lopezes", indeed. Gonzales insisted on questioning the legality of the sale.

"Under PCGG laws, a sequestered firm can not be sold until its ownership is determined. And besides, we were never informed nor consulted about this sale. Our former Fiscal Agent, Bobby Brilliante (a defeated congressional candidate) said he had no knowledge about the whole thing. In fact, he said he was against the idea."

The PCGG picket turned out to be an exercise in futility. As a last ditch effort, XB called the attention of its listeners to join its own version of people power: a vigil at the station's Donada compound to demonstrate their displeasure over XB's sale. The idea was to hope for either a Divine (read: presidential) intervention or some negotiation of sorts from the supposed new management. The latter worked . . . kind of, anyway.

"I think People's Broadcasting was somehow bothered by our picket at the PCGG and the vigil at the station. They got in touch with us and told us 'why don't we sit down and talk about your demands' which are: one, the retention of all existing regular employees except the volunteer jocks who are willing to undergo auditions and all that kung sakali; two, the settlement of our separation pay and back wages by the old management and; three, the retention of our format, maski na on a percentage basis. So, eto pinag-uusapan namin ngayon."

While negotiations concerning these demands are still going on, it was agreed upon by both parties that XB will cease operations by June 6 to give way for the new management's takeover. Gonzales and company had apparently thrown in the towel.

"Actually, pare, we can take this thing in court and ask for an injunction, pero wala na talaga kaming pondo. We wanted to go on pero iba na yung lagay namin ngayon. Kung baga nung sequestered pa kami, nasa government side kami. After the sale, rebelde na yung labas namin eh baka bukas makalawa, CAPCOM na yung ipadala sa amin. If we go on with this, innocent people, our listeners, are bound to get hurt. Masyado na rin silang emotionally involved."

So finally on June 6, DWXB made its very last broadcast with a hastily-organized yet still jampacked concert-party called *The Final Countdown* at the Tourism Pavillion at the CCP Complex. A fitting despedida indeed to "the station that dared to be different." In about a month or so from that date and in a new location namely the Philcomsen building at Pasig, People's Broadcasting will open a new station that will take its place on the air. It will operate on an ambitious 25 kilowatt power. Whether or not the XB people and their winning format will be a part of it is still a definite maybe.

One thing is certain, though. The legacy of XB and the now byword "102 Music" will continue to live on through the newly-organized 102 Club, an organization which will cater to the defunct station's disenfranchised followers.

"With this 102 Club, we hope to continue what we have successfully started at XB. Actually, ang istasyon lang ang nagsara, yung XB. 102 Music, our music will still be around through our upcoming concert-parties, possibly some blocktime at other stations and maybe, just maybe, this new station of People's Broadcasting." concludes Jessie Gonzales.

We can only wait and see.

102 CLUB

THE 102 CLUB WILL ANNOUNCE ITS FUTURE ACTIVITIES AT THE VH-1 PROGRAM ON TELEVISION AT CHANNEL 13 EVERY SUNDAY FROM 1-2 PM. WATCH FOR IT.

HARDCORE SATANIC CULTS:
IS NOTHING SACRED?

by JE BAUTISTA

I've seen them grow. From the teener who wore Converse sneakers and a scarf around his neck, the kid has grown into a father wearing Doc Martens. The movement has grown too – from Philtrade to Matimyas, from Katrina's to Trinity. From the rumblings of Brave New World, the movement has spilled into the streets only to be caught in the web of the system and fall victim to the media and be cursed, "YOU ARE A CHILD OF SATAN! ! ! ".

When I saw the papers that morning, I had mixed feelings about that article on a new cult called Hardcore. I laughed – "Hardcore? A cult?" You gotta be kidding! I was stunned – They perform rites during concerts? Is this a joke? I cried – HEY! YOU GOT IT ALL WRONG!

That same day, I went to a friend's house. We got to talk about that article from the Inquirer and People's Journal. And this was what he said, "Putang ina nila. Eh kung sa Diyos hindi ako naniniwala, d'yan pa sa Satanas na 'yan". That was his own opinion and I'll leave it at that. But what was important was that we had more or less the same reaction; never mind our differences in religious views. What was important was that we both felt that the movement was dealt a serious blow.

Punk rock has always meant much more than fashion and I doubt if it has any religious overtones. It has gained its notoriety from things other than religion and beliefs. One's religious views don't matter much more if one is more concerned about society, about what's wrong with the system. Punk rock is much more political than it is religious; it is much more a reflection of society. Religion and faith does not matter much if one sees a Blue Range Rover with its entourage of military men almost running down pedestrians because they were stupid enough to cross the street at the wrong time. Religion and faith does not matter much if one experiences a demagogue's retreat into Hula-hula Aloha country and remaining unscatched at that. The horrors of life are much more gruesome than what you've read in book, Jack.

I am not denying the fact that there are Satanic cults that are thriving in this age of Liposuction and cosmetic surgery. But why the hell (pardon the pun) did they have to pick a stupid name like Hardcore? Don't they know that they're giving Punk Rock a bad name? (as if it didn't). Anyway, if the Catholic Church does exist, then there also has to be a bunch of Satan's followers. They could have picked a name like Lords of the New Church or Diabolic Entities of the Computer Age for all I care; but why . . .?

Furthermore, I don't deny the possibility that these disciples of you-know-who have entered the underground music scene. I've seen far worse creatures like crocodiles try to slam their way into the cramped dance floors of sleazy joints. These people who belong to this Satanic cult wear Mohawks, have the Swastika printed on their shirts, and eat people's hearts, So be careful. They might get you the next time you see the Idiots.

Seriously, these Satanists are, little by little, destroying the movement. Punk rock, or its offshoot called Hardcore, never stood for devil-worship.


Rita Hayworth dies

Chuck Norris' new lover

PEOPLE'S Tonight

SATAN CULT SCARES MANILA

Soldiers rape, kill girls

CHONA CASTILLO

GAMECOCK

With regards to the Satanists who have infiltrated the scene, they are possibly looking for recruits. So. if you're new in the scene, it would be better for you if you are careful with the people you acquaint yourself with. If you're not so careful, you might end up with a lot of trouble.

In my opinion, a lot of people who are new in the underground have been misinformed by members of this new cult. A number of people may have already been lured into the Satanic cult without even their knowing it lured by the promise of orgies. Some may have developed a craving for fresh flesh and or some may have just been dumb enough to think that was what Punk rock is all about.



HERALD X



SPIKY: Siouxsie as she was.

So you thought you knew Siouxsie

MEET the new-look Siouxsie Sioux! Gone is the demented cockatoo hairstyle, the vicious studs and the black leather.

In is a chic Liza Minnelli style crop, pearls and the sexiest of black dresses.

Success

Siouxsie decided on her complete change of image for the launch of her new album, Through The Looking Glass.

The record is a collection of cover versions of all Siouxsie's favourite records.

Among them are Sparks' This Town Ain't Big Enough For The Both Of Us, Iggy Pop's The Passenger and Billie Holliday's Strange Fruit.

Siouxsie was inspired to make the album after the huge success of her cover version of the old classic This Wheel's On Fire.

Her conversion from the queen of punk into the princess of haute couture began in October when Banshees' drummer Budgie gave her a beautiful, long, silk dress as a present for her 29th birthday.

Certainly her original new look seems all set to be copied every bit as widely as her wild, voodoo Barbie doll image has been for the past decade.

Siouxsie was so nervous about having her famous locks hacked off that she actually bought a spiky punk wig before she went to the hairdressers.

The secret of her new look was safe until Siouxsie got into a scrape with another girl at a top London nightclub... and the girl tore off her wig, revealing the singer's new hairstyle to the world.

Daily Mirror
March 9 1987

WHITE HOT CLUB EXTRA by JOHN BLAKE



SMOOTH: Now the new cool, sleek sophisticated image.